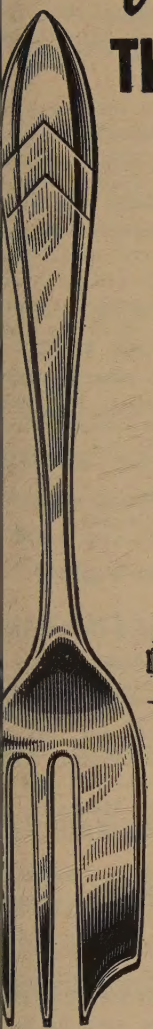
WITH OUR COMPLIMENTS...

Please accept this Gift from Sheffield, England



THIS EXQUISITE 6-PIECE PASTRY FORK SETTING

IF YOU JOIN THE AROUND-THE-WORLD SHOPPERS CLUB NOW

TO demonstrate the quality and uniqueness of the Around-the-World Shoppers Club selections sent to members every month from abroad, we want to send you this beautiful 6-piece nickel silver Pastry Set, with our compliments if you join the club now.

This set is the famous LOXLEY, one of the most honored products of Sheffield, England, and if obtainable here, would probably be priced at $5.00 retail. It is typical of the values and quality of the gifts our members receive every month for only $2.00, postpaid, duty free.

Imagine yourself shopping in the tiny villages and the big cities of Europe, Asia, Africa, South America, the Near East and the Far East. Imagine yourself examining the hundreds of unusual articles peculiar to each foreign land, many of them hand made, then selecting the very choicest in interest, usefulness, beauty and value, and having them sent to you for only $2.00 each!

Yes, you can now enjoy the thrill of receiving a surprise package every month from France, Italy, Spain, Holland, Sweden, England, India, Japan or some other distant shore—for only $2.00, delivered to your door. You pay no postage, no duty. The value is guaranteed to be more than satisfactory to you in every instance.

How, you ask, can this be done? The secret is in the new, unique service offered by the Around-the-World Shoppers Club —plus the magic of the American dollar.

Foreign nations are in urgent need of American dollars to support native industries. They are glad to offer tremendous merchandise values in exchange. Thus you get more for your money—and at the same time you are doing your bit to improve world conditions by lending a helping hand to our neighbors around the world.

CONVERSATION PIECES FROM ABROAD

Our representatives abroad are constantly searching for the best items and the biggest bargains available. They not only attend the great international fairs and exhibitions, but they travel the highways and byways of foreign lands to discover the unique, the unusual, the beautiful articles which are destined to become conversation pieces when worn, displayed or used in America.

A THRILLING SURPRISE EACH MONTH

With each package will come the fascinating story of the origin and significance of the article you receive—adding glamour to each shipment.

Think of the fun of receiving such exotic "surprise packages" month by month! It is like shopping around the world! That is the thrill of membership in the Around-the-World Shoppers Club. Each month you'll look forward to the arrival of your foreign shipment with eager anticipation. Each month you'll experience the crowning thrill of the treasure-hunter when you open it to see what delightful surprise it has brought.

YOU PAY NOTHING EXTRA FOR MEMBERSHIP

It costs nothing to join the Around-the-World Shoppers Club. There are no membership fees or dues. You pay only for the regular monthly selections of merchandise on any of the following plans:

3 MONTHS MEMBERSHIP
(3 consecutive shipments).....$6.00
6 MONTHS MEMBERSHIP
(6 consecutive shipments).....$11.00
12 MONTHS MEMBERSHIP
(12 consecutive shipments).....$20.00

(Note: the U. S. Post Office Dept. charges a service fee of 15c for delivering foreign packages, which is collected by your postman and cannot be prepaid.)

YOU CAN CANCEL AT ANY TIME

You may cancel your membership at any time (please give 30 days' notice to allow for transmittal to our foreign office) and the unused portion of your payment will be refunded in full. Even better, if you are not delighted upon receiving your first regular monthly selection, you may keep it *free of charge* along with your LOXLEY Pastry Fork Setting gift and receive a full refund of the *total amount paid.*

EXTRA REWARD FOR JOINING NOW!

Why not start your membership right now, while you can have this 6-piece pastry setting as an EXTRA GIFT sent to you direct from Sheffield, and get the benefit of the really remarkable values now available? You won't want to miss a single shipment!

Use the coupon below or write, enclosing remittance for the membership term desired.

GIVE A MEMBERSHIP TO SOMEONE SPECIAL!

What could make a more interesting and out-of-the-ordinary gift than a membership in the Around-the-World Shoppers Club? Who would imagine that such lovely foreign products cost only $2.00 each in American dollars? Month after month they are delivered to the recipient from abroad to serve as continuing reminders of your thoughtfulness.

Around-the-World Shoppers Club, Dept. 779, 24 Treat Place, Newark 2, N. J.

Please enroll me as a Member and send me my LOXLEY Pastry Fork Setting, direct from Sheffield, England, postpaid, duty free, as an EXTRA GIFT. Also start regular monthly shipments of the club's selection of foreign merchandise, to be shipped direct to me from countries of origin and to continue through the following term of membership:

☐ 3 Months Membership.....$ 6.00
☐ 6 Months Membership.....$11.00
☐ 12 Months Membership.....$20.00

I enclose remittance for $.....

Name.....
(Please Print)

Address.....

City & Zone.....State.....

☐ Do not personalize any items, as I may wish to use them as gifts.

☐ For those items which you will personalize, please use the following initials.....

References: Franklin-Washington Trust Co., Newark 2, N. J.

READ WHAT MEMBERS SAY ABOUT THE CLUB:

"I experienced all the delight I originally anticipated when the exquisite flacon from *Paris* was opened today. I have wrapped it up again as it was when I first picked it up so that my husband may have all the thrill I did from opening it — foreign postmarks and all! Thank you so much for this lovely idea. It has been well worth my money just for the pleasure I received today."
—M. L., *New Cumberland, Pa.*

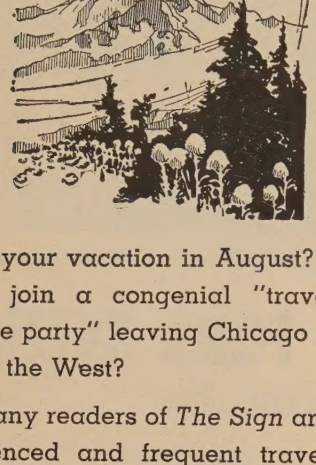
"I think the idea of bringing the crafts of the world's artists and artisans to us who do not have the opportunity to seek them out for ourselves, is one offering great advantage to all concerned, and with, perhaps, unexpected and indirect results that will make for the accomplishment of decidedly better understanding and relationship between ourselves and our world neighbors."
—Mrs. T. J. McA., *Marblehead, Mass.*

"I want to take this opportunity to thank you most heartily for the two gifts which have come to me thus far, as a member of the Around-the-World Shoppers Club. I can assure you they were received with genuine delight, showing exquisite taste in their selection." —M. Q., *Philadelphia, Pa.*

(Note: All original letters are on file in our office)

Around-The-World Shoppers Club, Dept. 779, 24 Treat Place, Newark 2, N. J.

Enjoy America



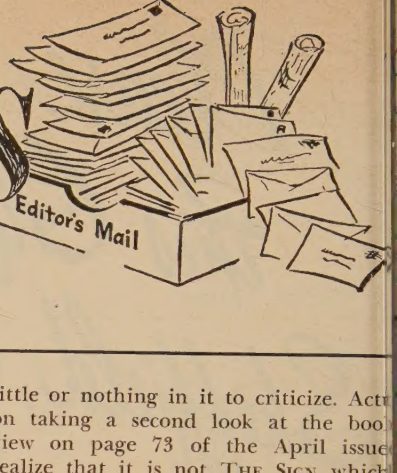
Is your vacation in August? Can you join a congenial "traveling house party" leaving Chicago Aug. 2 for the West?

Many readers of *The Sign* are experienced and frequent travelers, often looking for alluring journeys to far-away places, and pleased when they find something extraordinarily good. Others are "rocking chair explorers" though desire to travel and see the world is strong, they hesitate to venture forth into strange, distant states, unless they can go with folks they know, or with groups where they will feel "at home."

Recognizing the great interest almost everybody has in travel, and to provide opportunity for readers of this magazine to have available a trustworthy vacation tour, under Christian auspices, the "Tour of the West" has been carefully arranged. The trip will result in closer knowledge of Catholic institutions in cities to be visited, as well as personal experiences in three national parks and a dozen western cities.

Our 1953 party will be fully enrolled before mid-July, as advance reservations are excellent. Write for free copy of our special "Tour of the West" folder, study it over, then ask questions if interested, or enroll for this delightful and memorable vacation trip. Please address *The Sign, Union City, N. J.*

LETTERS



Anita Colby

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

Congratulations on having Anita Colby's material. You can be sure that it will create much interest.

THE SIGN, with its prestige and splendid format, will be sure to receive many many commendations on Miss Colby's series.

MARY-CATHERINE MCDONOUGH
DORCHESTER, MASS.

Spain

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

I was interested in the remarks on Spain contained in a letter from Mr. C. L. Hayter in your February issue and should like to know more about the "evidence" he mentions of "farcical trials and the execution of innocent people."

I came to Spain from Britain several months ago, expecting to find the same setup as I had found in Italy and Germany when they were ruled by dictators. Within a short time I began to realize that, if there was a tyranny in Spain, it was a remarkably mild one. For one thing, Spaniards were not afraid to criticize the government to a foreigner they did not know and in the presence of other Spaniards. The second thing that seemed strange was that the criticisms one heard were those one might hear of any government in Britain or America—that wages were being kept too low, that there was graft, that certain ministers were not up to their job, and so on. The thing that surprised me most was that the complaints which Spaniards made against the regime were not those made by critics outside of Spain.

A SCOT IN SPAIN

Veteran's Approval

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

THE SIGN is eagerly sought and goes through many hands in the reading. It is a splendid and thoughtful method of furthering the Apostolate of the Press. We would be hard put in Veterans Hospitals to provide good Catholic reading were it not for such kindness as yours and an anonymous donor.

REV. FRANCIS L. SULLIVAN
Veterans Administration Hospital
GULFPORT, MISSISSIPPI

Strictly Canadian

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

For some years now, we have been constant readers of your uniquely good Catholic magazine and up to now have found little or nothing in it to criticize. Actu on taking a second look at the boo view on page 73 of the April issue realize that it is not THE SIGN which irked us but the author, Dr. John O'Brien, who has calmly appropriated Canadian Martyrs and labeled American.

After all, these heroic men were wit exception citizens of New France, or ada as it came to be called, and with possible exclusion of Father Jogues fered martyrdom on what was then still is Canadian soil. Even the appella "North American Martyrs" would have some justification, but it will go down I with us if we must change the name all our churches dedicated to the Cana Martyrs to read American Martyrs.

American historians have managed purloin Alexander Graham Bell, who vented the telephone in Canada while a Canadian citizen. Do let us keep Canadian Martyrs.

FRANCIS MACNAM
ILLE BIGRAS, QUEBEC, CANADA

New Easter Vigil

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

It might interest some of your readers know that the entire theme of the "tional Liturgical Convention" for 1952 "The New Easter Vigil." Copies of its p ceedings may be obtained for two doll from The Liturgical Conference, Elsbe Missouri.

REV. JUSTIN MULCAHY, C.
WEST HARTFORD, CONN.

Corrections

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

I read with interest in the February sue of THE SIGN an illustrated article abo a graduate of ours, Fred Gentile. The ticle told in detail of the work he is doi in ecclesiastical art. I was a little unhap to read that Fred was reputed to have gra uated from "Classical School of Desig

For your information, Fred graduat from Classical High School here in Pro dence and received his B.F.A. degree illustration from Rhode Island School Design in 1949. We are a professional co lege founded in 1878. We grant B.F.A. a B.S. degrees in fifteen different fields design.

GILBERT M. CONGDON, J
Director of Public Relations
Rhode Island School of Desig
PROVIDENCE, R. I.

(*Continued on page* 78)

The Sign

NATIONAL CATHOLIC MAGAZINE

Monastery Place, Union City, N. J.

JUNE 1953

VOL. 32 No. 11

RTICLES

The American Scene

Hollywood's Nice Girl ..... *Jerry Cotter* 9
Our Teen-age Drinkers ..... *Milton Lomask* 14
Good Old Big City ..... *Harry Schlegel* 48

The World Scene

The Anointing of the Queen ..... *Andrew Boyle* 11
16th Century Housing Project (A Sign Picture Story) 23
Brightest Star in the Flag ..... *John E. Dineen* 26
A Catholic Looks at UNESCO ..... *Alba Zizzamia* 51

Various

Take Up the Cross ..... *Paschal Drew, C.P.* 32
Fathers are V.I.P.'s ..... *Robert Odenwald, M.D.* 34
Communist Crazy Quilt ..... *Albert D. Sears* 54
Romance in the Spring (A Sign Picture Story) 64

HORT STORIES

The Magic Palace ..... *Frank Bennett* 18
Marriages are Made ..... *Leslie Gordon Barnard* 40
The Big Man ..... *Patrick S. Traynor* 56

DITORIALS

The News: Cloak and Dagger Style ..... *Ralph Gorman, C.P.* 4
Current Fact and Comment 5

HE PASSIONIST MISSIONS

The Bishop Gets Out of Jail 29

NTERTAINMENT

Stage and Screen ..... *Jerry Cotter* 37
Radio and Television ..... *John Lester* 46
Sports ..... *Don Dunphy* 66

EATURES

Letters 2
The Grimy Towns—*Poem* ..... *Clifford J. Laube* 22
People 30
Woman to Woman ..... *Katherine Burton* 45
Commencement—*Poem* ..... *Patricia MacGill* 50
The Gardener—*Poem* ..... *Herbert A. Kenny* 50
The Scourging ..... *Gerald Vann, O.P.* 55
Tall on the Cross—*Poem* ..... *Louise Juarez* 55
Sign Post ..... *Aloysius McDonough, C.P.* 60
A Look at the World ..... *Anita Colby* 63
Books 68

over Photo from British Information Services

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Editor's page

The News: Cloak and Dagger Style

THE writer of a story or a play tries to pack it with dramatic razzle-dazzle. He has some form of doom turning up at every dark alley or every innocent sip of soda pop. His idea is to keep our hearts shuttling up and down between our slippers and our larynx like an express elevator—guessing, worrying, and hoping, in cycles.

There is no harm in this make believe. It is a healthy catharsis for the spirit which has gotten bored or tired from too much engrossment with itself. It is entertainment.

But the important thing is that the customer understands it is entertainment. It is not reality, even though the best of it seems real. You go for it with full knowledge that you will be foxed, and hoping you will be foxed "but good." You spend an hour or so chasing the tail of your own emotions—and you love it.

Then you go to bed and forget it. You don't lie awake fretting about the frontier sheriff who was almost chilled by the resentful, jail-breaking gunman. You don't say an anxious prayer to protect Little Red Riding Hood the next time she fetches groceries to Grandma and gets mixed up in her zoology. Those characters don't exist. You enjoyed the illusion that they did. But it's over now and you are back to earth, not even breathing hard.

Obviously this method of dramatic conflict must not be used when reporting real news, or somebody is bound to get hurt—maybe half the world.

News reporting is not meant to give the reader's emotions a roller-coaster ride. That kind of presentation will hold his attention, all right. But it will put him out of touch with reality and leave him confused. In a news report the customer asks primarily for truth, not fun. What is said, he will accept as truth, not as mere literary horsing-around with a story.

Unhappily, news is frequently offered in the stage and story-book manner. As the never-ending seesaw of undecided battle. Recently, the new Soviet peace offensive has come in for such treatment. The pattern went something like this:

Malenkov's power, we were told, is shaky at home. He has to go slow. It took Stalin five years to consolidate his position in the Soviet. Georgi can't afford to rush things. And we . . .? We can breathe a little easier and hope for the best.

At this point, the commentators pull a switch on us. Malenkov, they want us to remember, is a man of no refinement, entirely ruthless, unacquainted with Western ideas and totally unsympathetic to them. Trigger finger, very itchy. So we'd better watch out and not neglect to lock the door at night.

Having soothed us and then frightened us out of our wits, they start a new cycle. Up we go again: The Communists really mean to come to terms in Korea, this time. Korea is a worse drain on them than on us. So, let's cheer up. At least up to the point of cautious optimism.

But here again we get dropped: This new development in Korea, we are told, is the worst threat of all. A slier, silkier seduction, by a serpent craftier than Stalin. It will frighten or tempt our allies away from us, smash NATO, and the last state will be worse than the first. So let's pick up again with the despondency we were feeling two moves back.

THAT is the method. Very dramatic. Holds public interest and probably registers in increased circulation. But it is the old "Wolf, wolf" story, which works out badly in real life. It leaves the public emotionally exhausted and unable to identify a real alarm.

Most publishers probably can't do anything about it. They are caught in a system and must live down to the practice of the less responsible.

The public, however, can help itself. It only has to remember that global wars just can't be won every week in time for the Sunday Edition and then gradually lost by Thursday.

Better try to elect the best men to office. Go by what they say. And stay cool.

You can go wrong that way, too. But not regularly once a week. Which is some improvement, anyway.

Father Ralph Gorman, C.P.

Current Fact and Comment

EDITORIALS IN PICTURES AND IN PRINT

Wide World

he familiar mushroom of an A-bomb explosion. While e rightly fear this dreadful weapon, it serves as a de- rrent against a Red invasion and the carnage of war.

United Press

ohnnie Ritch of Bremerton, Washington, won a bicycle for ollecting most shoes for Korean Relief (1,325 pairs). In spirit of charity he even offered his bicycle to Relief.

Battle of the Taxes

THERE is much agitation these days both for tax reduction and tax reform. Yet it would be folly to expect any important decline in taxes, so long as federal expenses remain near the seventy billion dollar level. We cannot go on indefinitely piling up deficits and adding to the federal debt. The sooner we balance the budget and start reducing the debt, the better.

If budget cuts permit tax cuts, so much the better. But any sizable reduction in budget, and taxes, must await real peace in the world. Even cease-fire or a final peace in Korea would not be enough. Until we have world disarmament, we dare not retrench too much on our defense efforts. Substantial tax reduction today is a problem for the Department of State, not the Treasury.

But if the Treasury dare not take the initiative on lowering taxes, it can and should take the first steps toward tax reform. Students of taxes agree that the federal-state-local tax picture is a hodgepodge.

Two areas of reform may be singled out as especially important. First there is the overlapping of federal, state, and even local taxes of the same type. We have federal and state gasoline taxes. There are state and local property taxes. Some persons pay city, state, and federal income taxes. The burden of keeping records and making reports for these multiple taxes, whether on individuals or business firms, is becoming increasingly heavy.

We might cite the example of the state income tax. In most areas this tax is light, compared to the federal levy. For many persons the toll is less than five dollars. Yet such persons may need to spend several hours preparing a separate state form, paying more in lost time than they do in taxes. Even worse is the multiplicity of business taxes, which often lead to a formidable accounting and bookkeeping problem.

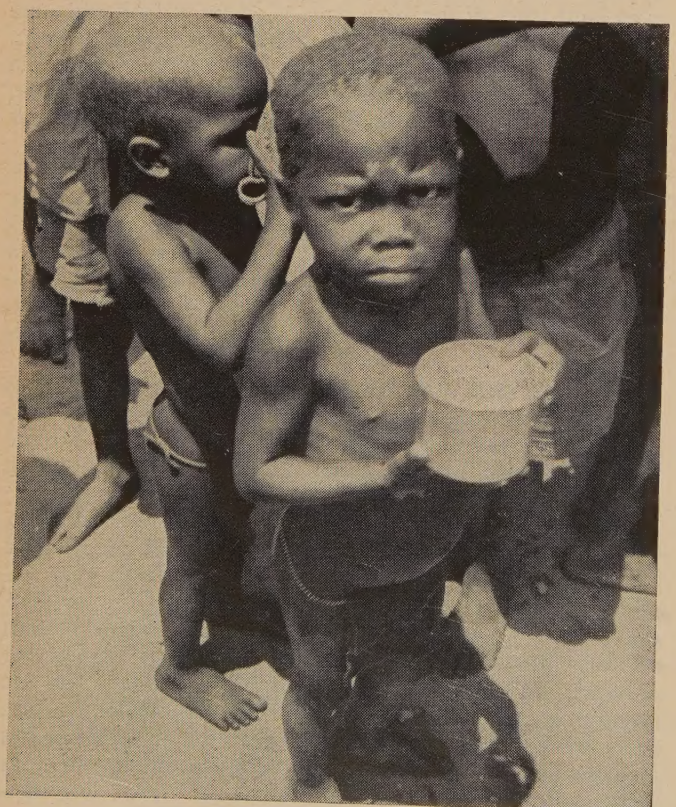
We could seek compacts among the governmental units reserving certain types of taxes exclusively to one level. Thus the federal government might ask a monopoly on income taxes, in return for giving up gasoline taxes. The states might reserve sales taxes and give up property taxes.

A second area of reform involves the social costs of taxes. Taxes at present levels have a powerful effect on business size, methods, and prospects. Most of these taxes were imposed for revenue alone, with little thought given to their side effects. Yet these effects may change the whole pattern of American business in two generations. It is argued, for example, that extremely high individual income taxes are forcing concentration in American business. Small business firms sell out to corporations, so that the proprietors can take profits in the form of capital gains, rather than as regular income. Persons with savings put them into risk-free government bonds rather than new enterprises.

The result is that American business expands largely by "making the big ones bigger." Corporations rather than in-

Gilloon Agency

This picture symbolizes the strife in Italy. With insufficient land for its millions, Italy has the problems of food and work. Reds are capitalizing on the difficulties.



United Press

Two little boys in the Belgian Congo receive their first ration of milk provided by UNICEF. Dietary deficiencies cause swollen stomachs and also ugly skin blemishes.

dividuals take the risks involved in starting new busine Even corporations must borrow money, rather than in profits or sell stock. This builds up a burden of debt wh makes them highly vulnerable to a depression. Debt ments must go on, whether profits come in or not. T our tax "policy" is leading us toward a highly central economy, which may collapse under a strong business re sion. If we do not like these trends, we must change tax policies which favor them. It may not be easy to w out new laws, but dare we continue with the present o

---

TWO Yale scientists, José Delgado and H. Enger Rosv have received widespread and deserved publicity. I monkey's brain, they planted a set of multiple electro

Conditioned Reflexes In Zoo and State

By sending current through v ous of the paired contact poi they control the physical a emotional behavior of the s ject. At will, they can make h wink, yawn, snarl, or just sit and moon. It makes no ference whether the monkey is lunching on bananas, stu ing the faces outside his cage, swinging on his trapeze, otherwise diverting himself. The scientist can quiet h down, rouse him up, put him through a winking routine, make him scratch his back. All by one little shot of el tricity.

News of this interesting experiment was released at moment when, for about the twentieth time, Soviet geopoli cians were conducting the same kind of experiment Western statesmen—without benefit of any brain implan tion or electric shock.

The new Soviet dictator had sent the West into a flu of collective apprehension, anger, and defense-thinkin First, by the sinister reputation which he brought to his jo Secondly, by having his MIG's knock a few Allied plan out of the sky over the eastern margin of Allied occupati territory, in Europe.

Like a good artist, Georgi was apparently working up co trast—providing a low-key background for something whi which he wanted to flash on the international scene. T something white was a dove, inviting the West to sit dow with him sensibly and kiss away all the nasty tensions whi had been chafing us.

Sure enough, it worked. Rumors came out of Washin ton, rumors which were interpreted as planned news lea or trial balloons. The Administration was considering sc soring off part of Northern Korea and officially deeding over to local representatives of the Soviet Presidium. was also considering taking Formosa from the Formosan handing it over to the questionable mercies of the U. N and ditching Chiang Kai-Shek.

European NATO representatives, at their meeting i Paris, promptly forgot the urgent fervor sparked by the sho of the air incidents and were back at their slowdown tactic

In Britain, MP's scorched Gen. Clark for bribing Red ai men to desert to our side and bring a late edition MI with them. It seems, some of the Parliamentarians though such conduct would be immoral in a Red flier and woul tempt the Soviet to reconsider its peaceable intentions.

MAYBE the Washington rumors weren't trial balloons Maybe the European NATO nations suffer prohibi tively under the double burden of economic reconstructio and rearmament. Maybe som

Go By the Record Book

MP's do have unusual scruple of conscience. There is n "maybe" about what the mys terious guiding genius of Soviet diplomatic strategy did to Western diplomats (at least, som

them). He did what the Yale biologists do with their less
rate subject. He made them kick, blink, and then lie
wn and roll over.

Like the Doctors in New Haven, he seems to be able to
it every time and by the same old method. But unlike
m, he can do it without planting an electrode in the
jects' skulls or wasting a milliwatt of current.

All is not lost, though—yet. The monkey at Yale may
k no more pathetic than certain diplomats. But he is.
is never going to find out what's wrong with him, why
sudden appetite for bananas or the irresistible urge to
atch.

The diplomat can save himself. He has at hand his his-
y book and his arithmetic. In the history book, he can
d that peace and truce offensives have been tried before.
ey have always damaged our position because they have
ays lowered our guard and gummed up the wheels of
rmament.

The arithmetic will remind him of the profound fact that
o and two make four.

Simple lessons. Not simple enough for the wired monkey
Yale. But, fortunately, simple enough for any diplomat
o really tries.

THE problem of guilt has been a block in the mind of
man since the dawn of creation. No sufficient, effective,
d complete solution for this problem can omit a therapy
instituted by Christ Himself. It
is the sacramental therapy of
Penance in which, through the
confession and contrition of a
penitent and the efficacious ab-
ution of a priest, the soul of a man is cleansed, his pun-
ment abated, and a sound basis established for peace of
l.

und Medicine
r Sick Minds

For the second time within a year, Our Holy Father has
und it necessary to call our attention to the proper role
clinical psychology and psychotherapy in dealing with
n as a whole being. Psychiatrists cannot, without grave
rm, forget the nature of man or the function of religion
they wish to act in accordance with sound science in the
actical field.

The Pope commemorated "the truths established by reason
d by faith and the obligatory precepts of ethics." He
rned psychiatrists to consider man: 1) as a psychic unit
d a totality, whose free will, although impaired by original
and disorders that disturb the normal functioning of the
ychic being, is still able to adhere to God's law. Moreover,
s moral struggle to follow the right path does not argue
at it is impossible for him to do this nor justify any scien-
t in withdrawing his patient from it. 2) as a structural
it, for man is an ordered individual whose essential struc-
re, as created by God, does not disappear when individual
tes or casual difficulties are added to it. Therefore psychol-
y must deal with man as such, and not lay down a new
t of principles for each man in the concrete. Laws for man
e to be applied to individuals, not invented for them. 3)
a social unit, whose personal inhibitions cannot be in-
lged in aberrations to the detriment of society, but in
hom self-mastery and religious discipline must be built up.
as a transcendent unit, whose first responsibility is
show respect for God and His Holiness in all his conscious
ts.

Thus psychology as a science is capable, as the Pope in-
sts, of achieving precious results for medicine, for the
nowledge of the soul in general, for the religious disposi-
ons of man in general, and for their development.

In the past, some proponents of psychiatry have tried to

Harris & Ewing

Former FBI agent, Herbert Philbrick, says that eight clergymen were in Boston's elite Communist group. We wonder how these Men of God reconcile Christianity with Atheism.

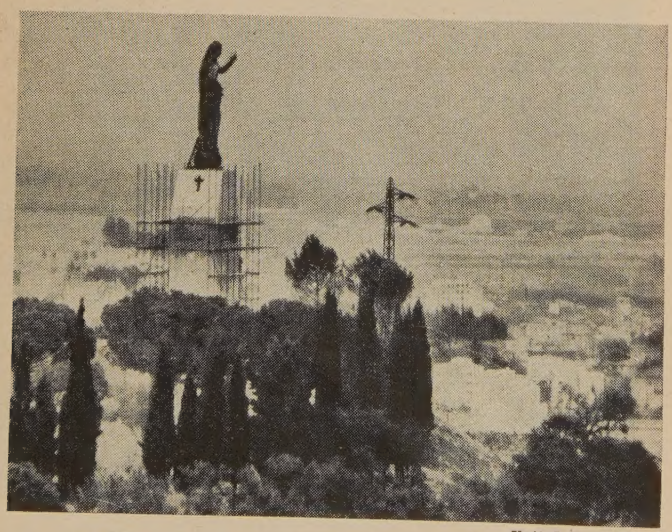
A rare occasion at the U.N. Russia and the West agree on armistice talks in Korea. However, this probably means transferring speeches from New York to Panmunjom.

Wide World photos

Rev. Dennis Comey, S.J., is acclaimed by longshoremen after settling labor dispute in Philadelphia. Another instance of the great work in Labor of the Jesuit Fathers.

Upienski Cathedral in Moscow. In bygone days the Czars were crowned here. With all their faults they believed in God. Today, Godless dictators have taken their place.

A very young Red Chinese soldier and a hard-bitten veteran are ready to be returned in prisoner exchange at Panmunjom. Neither seems too happy about going home again.



United Press photos

Another Madonna for the Eternal City. A forty-foot bronze statue of Our Lady has been completed. Romans can look toward Monte Mario and behold their Patroness.

make it a substitute for Christianity. More recently have tried to make it coextensive with Christianity. Supreme Pontiff declares that it is neither. He estab the principle that a conscious action which is a devi from the Divine Law cannot be sanctioned by any sci He promises his blessing and interest to this impo science which can and ought to serve the interests men, but only as a means to their eternal destiny an sponsibility to God.

The conclusions are clear: The priest may and oug co-operate with the psychologist. No priest, however, sh recommend a therapist who considers religion an illn or who does not follow the orientation laid down by Holy Father.

Therapy of the mind and the care of the soul, instea excluding one another, should complement each other. a proper collaboration between priest and psychologist priest ought to follow the mind of the Pope and have ficient knowledge and appreciation of psychotherapy. psychologist in turn must understand the patients' n needs lest he do more harm than good and turn his he art into material co-operation in evil.

The Sunny Side of the Street

WE happened to be leafing through the pages of *World Almanac* the other day and decided to tota some figures about the free and the slave world and see the balance sheet would like. Here's the way it came Population—North Atlantic liance and associates—779, 000; Soviet bloc—750,000, neutrals—870,600,000; world total—2,400,000,000.

Despite all we hear about China's teeming millions Russia's superabundant manpower, the free world is not numbered by its enemies. It has an edge of perhaps sev million people over the Soviet bloc.

Of course, mere numbers don't spell victory in wars, or hot. But one thing that does mean a lot in a hot w if we ever come to that—is the ability to produce steel. North Atlantic Treaty countries alone are producing al four times as many tons of steel a year as the Soviet Un *hopes to produce in 1955* under the current Five-Y Plan. The United States alone produced over twice as m in 1951 as the U.S.S.R. *may* produce in 1955—and that not only for steel but for total production of everythin

The population figure, striking as it is, really tells on small part of the story. The further you go into it, the reason there is for discouragement.

There is the strength, population-wise, of the neutra 870,600,000. The neutrals do outnumber us, but product figures don't follow along. The free nations far outstrip neutrals in industry of all sorts. What the population fig does show is that it would be perilous to our side if neutrals were to cast their lot with the Soviet Union. law of survival dictates that we take steps, diplomatic economic, to keep them out of the other camp.

Another thought our figures lead to is this: the comforta total for the free world doesn't come from the United Sta alone. It represents the United States plus some thirty forty allies, big and small. Take a few of them away a we obviously can't get the same totals out of what is l This goes for population, production, and natural resour It takes all forty of us to make the powerful force for fr dom that we are.

This makes us question the wisdom of those patriots w want to see America go it alone. Allies are a basic necess in the defense of freedom—not a luxury that can be d pensed with at will, the way, for instance, you tighten yo belt during Lent.

Hollywood's Nice Girl

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

What makes a Hollywood actress? Can a nice girl make it and stay that way? Ann Blyth has won a unique place in Movieland on her own

by ***JERRY COTTER***

Dr. James McNulty and his bride-to-be, Ann Marie Blyth

ANN Blyth has unconsciously ruined a former Hollywood wisecrack. Nowadays when the Beverly Hills set refers to Ann as a "nice girl," the old-time opprobrium connected with the words has been replaced by admiration. I believe it was Mark Stevens who said, "If anyone in Hollywood ever got fresh with Ann, he'd be run out of town." If she never accomplished anything else by her presence in movieville, this reduff to cynicism would be enough.

Dressed in impeccable taste, not designed to startle the eye of the beholder, Irene Ann Blyth scarcely resembles the popular conception of a top-bracket movie star. At twenty-five, with two decades in the highly competitive acting profession behind her, Ann is a poised and candid young lady who knows what she wants—and why.

The Irish-blue of her eyes sparkled as she talked about the things most dear to her: Faith, family, and career. Her devotion to all three has become almost legendary in the ten years since she arrived in Hollywood. An attractive St. Genesius medal dangled from her wrist, occasionally accenting a Blyth remark by clinking against the teacup she held.

Ann is practical about her career. "Hard work, and not publicity, is what makes an actress a success, and don't let anyone tell you otherwise."

Beauty, proven dramatic ability, and determination are the usual requisites for screen stardom. Ann has these in abundant measure. She is probably the most sought-after young star in motion pictures today.

More important, she has the Faith and strength of character which enable her to sift the nuggets from the sand in the Hollywood sluice trough. Few girls her age are as fortunate. In a field where sincerity, innate dignity, and honesty do not always win top priority, Ann Blyth has proved that glamour is a highly overrated commodity unless it has a firm basis in these qualities.

With the exception of Irene Dunne, no star in Hollywood today is more honestly admired and respected by fellow workers than this soft-spoken young lady who has come to material success via the long, hard route.

Ann knows about hard work. She started at the age of five, acting in radio plays, singing children's roles with the San Carlo Opera, and studying voice and dramatics. All this continued while she went through the usual 3-R training at two New York parochial schools, St. Stephen's and St. Patrick's Cathedral School. "I love California now, but New York is really my home town," Ann reminisced, "even though it wasn't

always very pleasant for me being here."

Ann's parents separated shortly after she was born in 1928. Her mother, the former Ann Lynch of Dublin, struggled hard in those early depression years to keep a home for her two daughters, Ann and Dorothy. When young Ann showed an aptitude and a desire to act and sing, her mother, who had come from a "family of Dublin story-tellers," encouraged her.

"One day while I was eating lunch at school," recalled Ann, "a producer came around to look the class over. This was the Professional Children's School and most of us were working in radio and on the stage. The producer was Herman Shumlin. He picked me from the group. Next thing I realized I was rehearsing with Paul Lukas for a Broadway debut in *Watch on the Rhine.* I was eleven and had never been happier." That play, and Ann, were both successful. She appeared in it almost two years, was signed by Universal-International when a talent scout turned in an enthusiastic report on her, and wound up playing in a series of movie musicals.

MORE serious screen roles, an Academy Award nomination for her performance in *Mildred Pierce,* and two personal tragedies followed. Playing Joan Crawford's daughter was a radical departure of type for the hitherto sweet ingenue of the O'Connor comedies. She was called on to interpret a selfish, snarling, and thoroughly unsympathetic subdeb.

It is a tribute to her ability that her best efforts have been in roles calling for the unattractive character qualities which she does not possess. In *Thunder on the Hill,* she lent great conviction to the part of a condemned murderess. Fans seem to prefer her assignments as the "campus sweetheart" or "the girl next door," such as she played in *Sally and Saint Anne*—but the critic's garlands have come with the unattractive roles. Under a new MGM starring contract, she will probably alternate both styles with singing assignments in pictures like *Indian Love Call* and *The Student Prince.*

The first joy of star billing was marred considerably for the happy young girl by the death of her mother, who had guided her through every step of her career. "The blow was softened a great deal when my mother's sister and her husband closed their own home in Connecticut and came to live with me. I don't know what I would have done without Aunt Cis and Uncle Pat. They're wonderful."

Tragedy rode tandem at that period for Ann. She had been tobogganing with friends in the San Bernadinos, when she was thrown from the sled. "Some of the doctors said I would never walk again. I had a broken back and spent the next year and a half wearing first a cast and then a steel brace. It looked like the end of movies for me."

"At a time like that, you really learn the power of prayer and the solace it brings," she added. "I guess we all need reminders. I have a daily one in a little shrine I've made at home. It's a small one, dedicated to Our Lady."

June Haver once told me that of all the people she had met during her movie career, Ann impressed her most. "She's lively and gay, without any affectation at all. She is like a breath of fresh ocean air. And her Faith is as much a part of her as breathing," enthused June.

As June Haver so aptly expressed it, Ann's Faith seems to be as much a part of her life as breathing. Certainly the record of her participation in religious functions, or for charity, is second to none.

It isn't often that stars make it a point to tell interviewers the good points of co-workers and competitors. Ann is one of the refreshing exceptions.

The mercurial and oft-maligned Mario Lanza, with whom she was to co-star in *The Student Prince,* probably has his most ardent sympathizer in the girl he left waiting at the camera. While others might gripe over being deprived of an important role in a big picture, Ann is more interested in helping Lanza if she can.

Ann has announced that she will be married June 12th to Dr. James McNulty, brother of another Hollywood luminary, Dennis Day. We can imagine that there will be many a chorus of "Tralee" and "Galway Bay" ringing out over the San Fernando Valley where California Conquistadors once roamed, when the McNultys, the Days, the Tobins, and the Blyths convene. It will probably remind Ann of those poverty-ridden days on Manhattan's East Side when her mother took in washing to pay for Ann's voice lessons, and Ann stood in the backyard singing tear-drenched Irish ballads to earn pennies for a binge at the corner candy store.

Ann Marie Blyth has come a long way since then. She has traveled far and risen high, without distorting the pattern of the early days. She is a contradiction of so many pseudo-traditions in movieville, we can only hope that she is the harbinger of a trend.

Top: Ann poses with Cardinal McIntyre of Los Angeles
Center: Varied acting roles show Ann Blyth's talent
Bottom: Unspoiled Ann can cook and be happy at home

The Anointing of the Queen

Coronation 1066

Coronation 1953

Westminster Abbey, built by Catholics, witnesses rare Catholic ritual performed by Protestants with papal envoy in tent outside

The old and the new mingle in Britain's Coronation Pageant, but the Queen's finery is borrowed

by ANDREW BOYLE

IT is one of the stranger ironies of history that England—now only a nominally Christian land—should have preserved in the Coronation Rite of her sovereigns one of the most distinctively Catholic ceremonies left in the Protestant West. On June 2 of this year, for the first time in twelve centuries, millions of loyal Britons will follow the main parts of the glittering, impressive "sacring" of the young Queen Elizabeth the Second on their television screens. They will be united in spirit with the select congregation of Lords, Commons, ecclesiastical dignitaries, and delegates of Commonwealth and other nations beneath the soaring arches of Westminster Abbey, the witnesses and passive participants of a religious drama whose outward forms have altered little since William the Conqueror was crowned there on Christmas Day, 1066.

The actual place of coronation, therefore, has nearly nine hundred years of history behind it, but the ritual is older still: so ancient indeed that the origins of certain elements are buried in legend and popular myth. The great Abbey Church was specially designed by the last Saxon king, St. Edward the Confessor, for the magnificence of the coronation ceremonial. The Second

Elizabeth will be the twenty-eighth monarch to be crowned there, ten others having been anointed and enthroned elsewhere in Westminster. Only two other great shrines in Europe, St. Peter's in Rome and the Cathedral of Rheims, can claim so close an association with the consecration of heads of Church and State; but the Abbey is five hundred years older than the present Vatican Basilica, and the Gothic splendor of Rheims no longer echoes to the silver tongues of France's coronation trumpets.

If we could reverse Mark Twain's amusing process, and instead of spiriting a Yankee to King Arthur's Court somehow bring a Saxon courtier to modern Westminster, it is probable that the visitor would be familiar with much of the ceremony.

IN the Middle Ages, four slightly varying forms of the coronation ceremony were followed. They were the outcome of successive revisions carried out to harmonize the service with the changing needs of the time. But it is to St. Dunstan and a handful of unrecorded Saxon theologians before him that England owes the main structure of the beautiful and elaborate Coronation Rite. We might expect our Saxon visitor to the 1953 ceremony to recognize in the Oath; the Anointing; the Investiture with ring, sword, crown, scepter, and rod; the Enthronement and the Homage a ceremony fuller and more imposing but nonetheless similar to that which made Edgar king nearly a thousand years ago.

Queen Elizabeth the First was the last English sovereign to be crowned during Mass, in conformity with the Catholic rite by which saintly rulers like Edward the Confessor and Edmund the Martyr had been crowned. As at the Coronation of her staunchly Catholic half-sister, Mary Tudor, six years previously, in 1553, the Archbishop of Canterbury did not officiate, though it was his right and privilege to do so. In each case a Catholic Bishop still in communion with the Holy See had to be summoned to pontificate. The First Elizabeth is alleged to have complained that the anointing oil "was grease and smelt ill"; and there are those who assert that she deliberately withdrew from sight behind the high altar during Mass so as to avoid being at the Elevation.

Whether that is so or not, the reign of Elizabeth definitely marked the end of a historical epoch as far as religion was concerned. When she died, and the morose Scot, James I, ascended the throne in her place, his Coronation service was solemnized in the vernacul "under reformed conditions." Scores "priests and laymen had already be martyred for saying or assisting at Ma the old superstitious "mumbo-jum of Rome" had been banished.

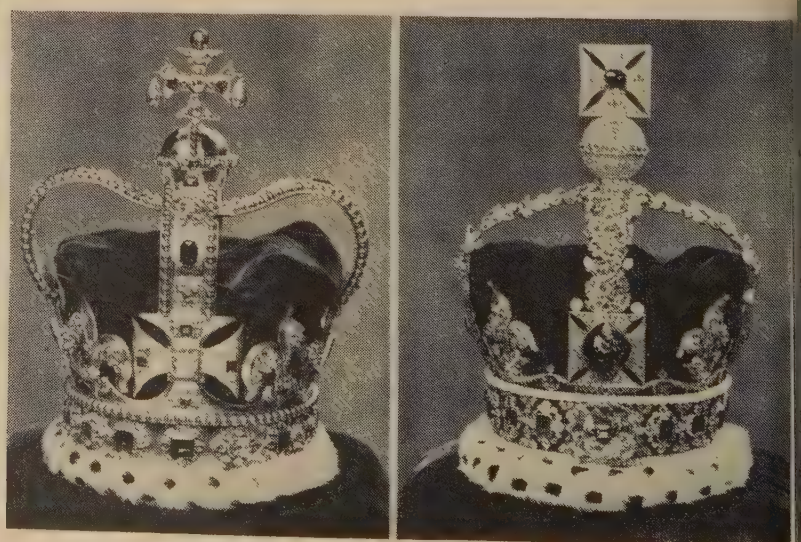
THIS fourth revision of the Coron tion service was the crucial one, sin it eliminated the Mass while strainin to recapture the liturgical richness Litlyngton's fourteenth-century rite e shrined in his *Liber Regalis*. Odd enough, Archbishop Whitgift succeede admirably in adapting the badly mu lated ceremony to the "needs" of th new religion. Unfortunately, James I whose brief and troubled reign b gan in 1685, broke the fresh, reforme pattern by becoming a Catholic and l insisting on an abridged version of th Rite. To the fury of future Anglica liturgists, this monarch caused th Communion Service to be omitted alt gether and softened down the esse tial "sacring" part of the service.

It was undoubtedly partly due to th blunt, undiplomatic Catholic outloo of James II that changes were made fo the "double crowning" of William an Mary, the usurpers, just four years late The two principal alterations whic Catholics have since had reason to di

Instruments for use in the Coronation ceremony. Bird-shaped oil stock and anointing spoon. Head of royal sceptre. Orbs symbolizing the power of the Queen

The Royal Family: Queen Elizabeth, Duke o Edinburgh, Prince Charles, Princess Ann

Left: Actual crown for ceremony, St. Edward's. Right: Imperial state crown for other functions



e were the recasting of the Oath to ure that "the Protestant Religion ablished by Law is maintained" and reintegration of the crowning with reformers' "Communion Service." Bearing in mind that the Church of gland has tampered irretrievably with foundations of Christian Truth, and t every rite and ceremony has there- e been distorted, one cannot help rveling that so many prayers and prics dating from England's original tholic heritage should linger intact the modern Coronation *Ordo*. First, opening act of Recognition, when unanointed Queen is presented by Archbishop of Canterbury to the embled prelates, nobles, and people.

HEN comes the Litany of the Saints, intoned by two Bishops, once a pre- le to the Mass of Consecration. The bare, anglicized Introit, Collect, istle, Gospel, and Sermon have a ited appeal today. This first portion the official "Communion Service" pre- les the Oath-taking and Anointing; d it is a dismal commentary on the inking religious sense of the British ople that the pageantry now counts more than its inner significance. To e average spectator, whether nominal nglican or non-Conformist, the "Com-munion Service" must appear a tedious method of lengthening the ceremony.

Probably only a minority of Britons realize that the solemn act of sacring the Queen, setting her apart for her grave responsibilities, and invoking the Holy Ghost to guide and strengthen her, is a survival from medieval and Saxon Catholicism. For the hallowing of the sovereign by anointing with oil and chrism, instead of by the imposition of hands, is the real heart of the Rite.

Oil, the symbol of light and heat, representing the outpouring of the gifts of the Holy Ghost, seals the special character of the sovereign as mediator before God between clergy and people. But its age-old use at coronations does not signify, as some wishful Anglican experts suggest, that the sovereign is thereby invested with a peculiar priestly character, like a Bishop. The earliest form of the Anglo-Saxon enthroning rubric makes unmistakably clear that the monarch does not become a "mixed person" in the theological sense, that is, one who is both layman and cleric. It says rather cuttingly: "Inasmuch as you see the clergy standing closer to the holy altar than yourself, be therefore all the more mindful to render to them an honor more exalted in the place that belongs to them."

Photos by British Information Services

ANDREW BOYLE is a well-known feature writer for the *Catholic Herald* of London. As a script writer for the B.B.C., his name is also familiar to English radio listeners.

The overwhelming mass of Britons will instinctively find their deepest emotional satisfaction in the placing of the Crown on her head. Without any doubt, this is by far the most spectacular moment of all, when the tense silence of expectancy is broken, the Abbey reverberates with loud acclamations, the peers put on their coronets, and the bells and guns send their message of joy and triumph across the capital and country. Only the pride of a handful of Scots will be placated by the presentation of the Bible—"the most valuable thing which this world affords"—when the Scottish Moderator will, for the first time, take his place in the Abbey by the side of the Archbishop of Canterbury. Only the peers and nobles, including the Duke of Edinburgh who is to lead their delegates in line, will know a personal thrill when allegiance is sworn to the Queen at the Homage. And it is mainly because the Mass no longer matters in secularized England that the remainder of the "Communion Service," taking in the reception by the Queen of the purely commemorative bread and wine and her offering of gold to God, is likely to strike the multitude as a pious anti-climax.

Viewed in its entirety, the English Coronation Service is an extraordinarily well-preserved relic of the heyday of Christian civilization, when kings held the highest power and authority under God for the temporal welfare of their people. It can hardly be said to reflect the existing political or religious order in modern England and the British Commonwealth; yet the British genius for practical political compromise has lent the Crown an unparalleled symbolical dignity.

IN a world that is rapidly learning the disastrous results of shutting out the grace of God, of turning its back on truth, justice, and goodness, a British monarch who devotes herself selflessly to the formal duties of her constitutional role must stand out like a pillar of stability and graciousness.

As a godly Christian, rather than as the Titular Head of the Established Church of England, Queen Elizabeth will humbly ask for the guidance and strength of heaven to fulfill her unenviable mission in life when she enters Westminster Abbey for her crowning. That is how even the most pagan Briton will see her on June 2; and that is why even the most historically sensitive British Catholic will pray hard and feel profoundly for her in the hour of her "sacring."

Photos by H. Armstrong Roberts and Harold Lambert

▲ *Sophistication of youth deceives parents and even barkeeps*

Many drinking parties begin as a lark but end up in tragedy ▶

Our Teen-Age Drinkers

Who is to blame for American teen-age drinking? The facts are staggering as well as our youth— statistically, 39% of our boys and 19% of our girls drink

by MILTON LOMASK

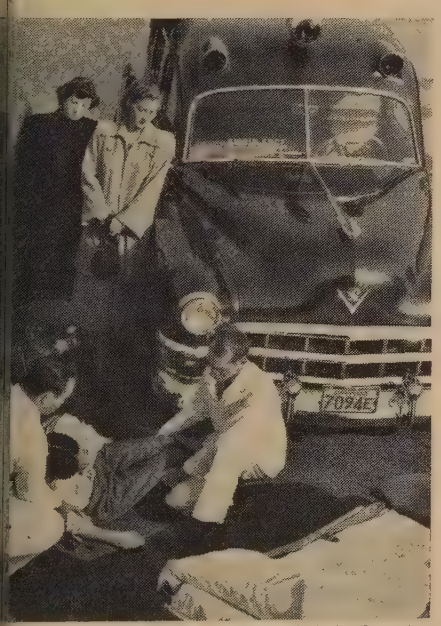
BOUT eight in the evening, 16-year-A old Jimmy popped into the living om to tell his folks not to wait up him and to listen, with more tience than interest, to Dad's custom- lecture on the do's and don't's of oting the family vehicle. Then in best suit Jimmy went to pick up best girl and squire her to one of e big events of his high school year, Sophomore Class dance. An hour d a half later he returned, looking ittle down at the mouth and mutter- something about his date having headache. Next morning the truth me out. "Betty and I called it quits," told his mother, "because the party st wasn't any fun. Most of the kids re drunk."

A true story? Yes. It happened in a edium-sized industrial town not far om the writer's home.

A typical story? That question is aguing many adults as the evidence cumulates that American teen-agers e hitting the bottle harder, or at y rate in a more spectacular manner, an any previous generation.

"It is my impression," says the Honor-le Stanley P. Mead, one of the judges the Juvenile Court for the State of nnecticut, "that a lot of youngsters e functioning under the fatal illusion at they can have their high spirits and nsume them too."

A few years ago Yale sociologist gust B. Hollingshead made an in-nsive study of teen-age life in a Mid-estern town of 10,000. He found that per cent of the boys and 19 per nt of the girls were drinking. Only ghtly lower percentages appear in a cent study of three high school groups the Buffalo, N. Y., area by Dr. Dwight onnier, executive secretary of the Western New York Committee for Education on Alcoholism, Inc. Other surveys, here and there around the country, yield much the same information.



Harold M. Lambert phot.

Figures alone, of course, tell little. They merely raise questions: What is the nature and what are the probable causes of this drinking, and what is being done about it?

In search for answers, this writer visited three East Coast towns, buttonholed half a dozen recognized authorities, and examined some of the literature issued as part of a new educational approach to the problem now being undertaken by some public school systems in 40 states.

Call the first of the towns visited "Suburbia," a relatively wealthy community of 50,000 on the outskirts of New York City. Here I talked to a high school principal who said "the drinking among our students is negligible," to a member of his school board who said it was "catastrophic," to a woman in charge of a large girls club, to the secretary of the superintendent of police, and to the officer in charge of the police vice squad.

ALL except the principal called the situation disturbing. According to the girls' club leader, Suburbia's junior misses are still throwing those "crash" parties that were the headlines and scourge of many communities a few years ago. Some girls get together in one of their homes. Sometimes Mama and Papa are hovering about, sometimes not. The girls lay in a store of food, about three times what they need. Then they wait. Soon groups of boys come along and "crash." With the boys comes the stuff-that-cheers.

Two informants referred me to the local newspaper office where I found a dozen clippings chronicling an often-told tale: Two boys and a high-powered car, plus two girls picked up on the street, plus a bottle of hootch, plus a tour of the neon-lighted highways feeding into town. Prognosis: Tragic. In this particular incident, one of the girls was killed, one of the boys maimed for life.

One of the newspaper accounts said the community was "profoundly shocked."

"Gratifying how quickly everyone got over it," was the dry comment of one of the police officers.

Call the second community visited "Mid-town": 30,000 people, most of them members of the medium-income, white-collar class. Here I talked to the High School principal and the High School guidance director.

"In the old days," said the principal, "we threw open our high school parties to youngsters from the nearby city. No more. The only way we can control this thing is by restricting high school affairs to members of our own school and their guests. Occasionally, even so, a lad slips in with a bottle. When we discover it, out he goes.

"We can regulate school affairs," he went on, "but we can't touch these little outside groups the kids form among themselves. In some of those organizations, the ability to drink is a requirement of membership."

Said the guidance director, drawing on more than two decades in educational work: "A lot of this goes back to the overemphasis American parents put on material things. We see many homes where the mother works not because she has to, but because, as she puts it, she wants to buy more things for her children. What she buys them in the long run is unhappiness. That doesn't necessarily drive a child to drinking, but it does make him vulnerable to the social pressures that do."

Call the third community what its impressive skyline of belching smokestacks proclaims it to be: "Industrial City." Here my chief informants were a priest in charge of a large CYO, some teen-agers from both the public and Catholic high schools, and a newspaper man.

The situation? Equally as serious as in the other towns, aggravated by the fact that in some areas of Industrial City the living conditions, according to the priest, "are the worst I've ever seen and before I came here, I worked in the slums of Brooklyn." The youngsters told hair-raising tales, principally about drinking at football victory celebrations and the overly lenient attitudes of some parents.

The newspaper man took me on a guided tour of the Main Street bistros. In one, he informed the bartender that some of his paying customers were under age. The bartender looked at him with admiration. "I got to hand it to you, Bill," he said, "you got good eyes. Now me, I can't tell the kids from the grownups anymore, the kids are so doggone sophisticated."

All the people talked to both in these towns and elsewhere were asked to express their opinions as to why drinking among the younger set has reached its present proportions.

They suggested many factors. One, mentioned frequently, was "parental indifference." In Suburbia, the school board member spoke of being told by a father of three high school boys, "what

MILTON LOMASK, former reporter for the *New York Journal-American* and other papers, is now a full-time freelance writer. He has written for many leading magazines.

Harold M. Lambert photo

Good company is still the best remedy

H. Armstrong Roberts

Teen-agers must learn to enjoy becoming amusements

my kids do about drinking is none of my business. Mother and I live our lives. We feel the youngsters have a right to live theirs." In Industrial City the priest spoke of talking with parents who regarded their children's drinking as a "lark." He spoke of going down Main Street "at 11 or 12 at night" and seeing boys from the parish hanging around the local taverns.

"There's no point asking them why they're not home," he said, "because I know why. Mama works all day, Papa all night. Come the end of the week, Papa pays his bills and keeps the rest of his wages for what he calls 'spending money.' Mama does the same. No sharing of money, no sharing of effort, no sharing of worry about the children —in short, no home!"

IN a six-month period beginning with August, 1952, the Connecticut Liquor Control Commission held 60 hearings relative to sales of alcoholic beverages to minors. All youngsters involved are required to testify. Said John C. Kelly, the Commission Chairman:

"I believe if a kid of mine had to attend one of these hearings, I'd be there with him. That isn't what happens. These youngsters come trooping in alone. Seldom are their parents interested enough to come along."

Another factor, in the words of one of the persons questioned, is "that kids have this drinking thing in front of them all the time." They do indeed. It is estimated that 65 million American adults consume alcoholic beverages to some extent.

There is nothing new, of course, about people drinking. They've been doing it ever since back in the dawn of things when someone discovered what you can accomplish by crushing a grape or putting your heel to a grain of corn.

What is strikingly new about drinking in America is the importance so many people now attach to it. In many circles it is no longer regarded as merely one of the trimmings of social and business life, but as their mainstay. To increasing numbers, it has become closely associated with success and prestige and glamour.

These attitudes—the attitudes of their elders—hover over the teen-ager like the atom bomb. Consequently he is confronted at an early age with a question that seldom troubled members of my generation until adulthood, namely, "Shall I drink, and if so how much?"

In the last decade or so, scientists and sociologists have been trying to discover what this drinking problem is all about. Researches have been undertaken at such places as the Yale Center for Alcoholic Studies, the University of Buffalo Information and Rehabilitation Center, and the Raleigh Hills Sanatorium in Oregon. They have produced a sizeable body of facts and theories, and some of these have been made available to the public in books and in readable and inexpensive pamphlets on the order of Raymond G. McCarthy's Life Adjustment Booklet, *Facts About Alcohol.*

One outcome has been the introduction into some public school systems the new educational approach previously mentioned. Every state requires that school children receive some instruction about alcohol, and in the early days the system in most communities was to subject the youngsters from time to time to so-called "temperance" lectures.

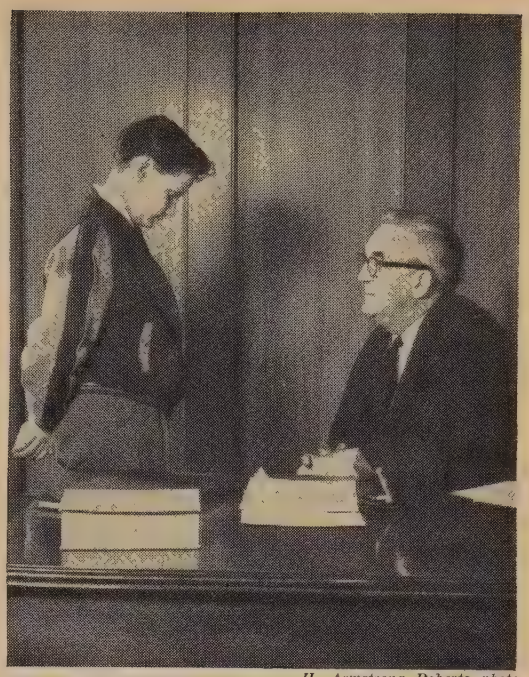
In a doctoral thesis covering an educational experiment in three Buffalo high schools, the Dr. Monnier previously referred to recalls some elements of this system. School children were told that if they drank too much they might lose their minds or get cancer. The writer recalls hearing a temperance talk in his own early days. After inventorying the dire probabilities, the speaker polished off his remarks by plumping a dog's liver into a bottle of alcohol. The liver blushed and the students gasped. By which I mean we were supposed to gasp. Unless my memory is extremely faulty, most of us sensed that the speaker was pulling our leg.

MODERN science has put its imprimatur on our guess. Our legs were being pulled. Today's specialists have opened a window on the problem. They have thrown out this old poppycock and let the fresh air of knowledge sweep in. As a result, the literature produced as part of the new educational approach contains a great deal of information likely to be of immense value to its readers.

By no means all of the concepts presented, however, are Caesar's wife. One, in particular, is open to question

Harold M. Lambert photo

New approach: Besides athletics, lectures on alcohol



H. Armstrong Roberts photo

Connecticut courts check minors

e literature of the "new approach," ing is described as a medical, , and psychological problem. Im- ve evidence supports this, and also rts two of the conclusions drawn it, namely, that more medical ies should be placed at the dis- of alcoholics and that youngsters d be trained to look for indica- of alcoholism in themselves. But ng is said to indicate that drinking o and primarily a moral problem, ome leaders of the new movement mphatically that it is not.

THORITIES consulted offer sev- ral explanations for this. One is the old temperance-lecture program moral approach and that it failed. question of whether it failed or not be passed over, because there is onclusive evidence one way or the . The temperance-lecture system undoubtedly incorrect—but not be- it was *moral,* but because it was *ant.*

nother explanation is that the most us kind of drinker, the alcoholic, sick person and is therefore not lly accountable for his drinking. may or may not be true, but in r event it scarcely explains why ogram directed at young people— of whom are doing no drinking at should omit mention of the elemen- fact that drinking is a moral blem, a problem of decision, of osing between alternatives which by other name are still rightdoing on one hand and wrongdoing on the r.

Still another explanation belongs to that category of things that Alice in Wonderland described as "curiouser and curiouser." It was put to the writer by a prominent woman in the field, more or less in these words:

"Our objective, of course, is to bring our program to the attention of those who need it most, the alcoholics. People like that would shun us if we told them drinking is a moral problem. As a matter of fact, I think most Americans are afraid of the word 'moral.' They always think of it as meaning 'immoral!' "

The failure to put proper emphasis on the moral aspects of drinking is obviously out of place in a program which claims to be scientific. The first step in the scientific search for a solution to any problem is to define the nature of the problem as correctly and fully as possible. The emphatic statement of some leaders of the program that drinking is not a moral issue is certainly out of place in a program which claims to be "neutral" about such matters. There is nothing morally neutral about a flat statement that drinking is not a moral issue.

This deficiency in the new literature does not erase the value of its sounder aspects. They can and are being put to good use. This is demonstrated by the appearance on Catholic Church racks of the booklet *Shall I Start to Drink?* by the Rev. John C. Ford, S.J., author of the article on "Alcoholism" in Supplement II of the *Catholic Encyclopedia.* Father Ford, in this readable and invigorating pamphlet, combines many of the sound data of the New Approach with Christian principles, and does it in a way which shows clearly that the data and the principles are not at odds, but are supportive of one another. Perhaps a few of Father Ford's words placed here may serve as a pleasant period to an otherwise depressing report:

"One of the decisions," he writes, "they (young people) have to make is what their attitude should be with regard to drinking . . . And in the confused social scene that surrounds them . . . it is only too likely that their decision . . . will not be a real decision at all. They will simply drift with whichever current is stronger, or allow themselves to be led by emotion, or by human respect, or by expediency, or by mere pleasure-seeking and thrill-seeking, instead of by reason and Faith, and by *principles* based on reason and Faith. . . .

"I HAVE said the virtue of sobriety forbids as sinful only the abuse of alcohol. One who drinks in moderation, therefore, may well be practicing the virtue . . . If this is so . . . where does total abstinence fit into the picture?

"You are the followers of Christ. He is a crucified Christ. He came on earth to show us how to live . . . And as a way of living He taught us the supernatural value of self-denial . . . The call which Our Lord sends forth to us . . . is not merely a call to avoid what is sinful; He calls us to be perfect as our heavenly Father is perfect."

Love stories should have happy endings. But shy, awkward Jonat

the Magic

by **FRANK BENNETT**

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES MAZOU

PAUL and I shall never cease to marvel at the miracle of it. The wonder of it. The wonder of music and of love and of life itself. Quite often, while working on one of his own serious compositions, or even in the middle of one of his Broadway musicals, he'll smile up at me and begin playing "The Princess Music."

"Darling," he'll say, "remember that night?"

Of course, he means the night of the concert.

"This had better be good," my father had growled that night as he shook the rain off his hat. "I had a devil of a time, finding a place to park the car."

"Tickets, please," the doorman said.

Father handed the tickets to the doorman, who in turn gave the stubs to a pretty usherette. She smiled at us and tripped daintily toward the center aisle.

Suddenly Father grinned down at Paul. "This place would hold a lot of hay, wouldn't it?"

Paul started; then grinned up at my father. His black eyes shone; and so did his small, round face, partly from the scrubbing his mother had given it, but mostly because of the excitement he felt. This was his first visit to Rockhill Music Hall.

"Golly!" he said, turning slowly about. "It's—it's like the magic palace!"

My mother smiled and straightened his cheap knit tie. She was very lovely that evening in her long, shimmering, green-gold gown and with the new, sparkling combs making you notice the waves in her soft, brown hair.

"There, that's better," she said, giving his tie a final tug. She took his small fist in her soft, white hand and added. "Come on, family."

She moved toward the center aisle with Paul.

Father took my hand and gave it a little squeeze, and I squeezed back. We were great pals. I knew that the only reason he'd driven us into the city through the rain was because I'd wanted to come so badly.

The four of us followed the pretty usherette to our seats. They were among the best in the house, and sitting there was almost like being on the stage with the orchestra.

Father helped Mother with her furs. "Anyway," he said, winking at me, "we aren't out anything for the tickets."

Which was all very true. Jonathan had sent the tickets to me along with a short letter which read: "My dear Letty: Here are tickets for the concert next Tuesday. One for you. One for your lovely mother. One for your doctor father, who will, I fear, be very bored. And one for the little boy who lives across the alley from you. I hope all of you will do me the honor of coming to hear my new symphony. Gratefully yours, Jonathan Johansson."

Jonathan! As long as I live, I shall never forget the first day I saw him.

It was a lovely spring day with the sunroom flooded by golden lights; and the maple leaves, young and green, were whispering excitedly just outside the open windows. There were birds, too, all irresistibly drawing my eyes away from the silly scales and tunes that someone expected small boys and girls to practice over and over again.

I slid from the piano bench. "Now," I said, "it's your turn, Paul."

Paul doubtfully eyed the little gold-lettered clock, which Mother had given me for the express purpose of keeping me at the piano one hour each day.

"Aren't you stopping three min early?" he asked.

"Oh, that's all right. I'll make i tomorrow," I lied glibly.

Still looking doubtful, Paul clim up on the bench. He lived with mother in the little house behind large one. The Gardners didn't ow piano, and Paul loved music. mother worked two afternoons a w for my mother and insisted that Pa practicing on our piano must be a of her pay. It was a wonderful arra ment, I thought, for even then I m have been in love with Paul.

He ran through his practice exerc as if they were great fun; then sta to do a little Mozart number. I cu up on the red-covered glider to wa and to listen. When he played, his f always seemed to shine as if a light w burning some place deep down ins him.

Suddenly I became aware of a l shadow stretching across the bright floor. Turning quickly, I saw a stra young man leaning against the doors A great, wide-shouldered, blond m taller than my father. He stood th with his hands in the pockets of his fitting white slacks, a half-smile on big, bony face, the sun tangling with bushy, uncombed hair. His eyes we blue, the bluest blue I've ever seen, a were fixed upon Paul.

I was too surprised to say a word. just sat there with my mouth hangi open, thinking that he was the odde looking person I'd ever seen. But kno ing, in the way that children someh know, that I liked him.

Paul finished the piece, and the ma pulled big hands from his pockets a applauded. "Bravo!" he cried.

He lumbered into the room like a

We watched Jonathan's fingers as they flashed over the key

uld not find the courage or the words to declare his love

Palace

"The composer, Mr. Johansson, and his bride"

awkward bear, upsetting a small flower stand that stood beside the door. A flower pot crashed to the floor and broke into a million pieces.

"I'm sorry," he said. "I didn't notice . . ."

"That's all right," I assured him. "It's an old flower pot."

He dropped to his knees awkwardly and began to gather up the pieces. "I'm forever upsetting things," he said ruefully.

I got a broom and a dustpan, and we cleaned up the mess.

"I almost forgot to explain what I'm doing here," he said, still worried and pink-faced about the flower pot. "I was walking along the street and heard the music. Naturally, I had to see who was playing. I'm Jonathan."

"I'm Letty," I said politely. "This is Paul."

He shook hands with Paul. "Paul," he said, "you play the Mozart beautifully, except in a place or two. Here, I'll show you."

He sat down on the bench beside Paul, rolled up the sleeves of his faded blue shirt, and began to play. The old piano came to life under his touch. And so did Mozart. Then abruptly, the melody was lost amid a great burst of chords, and Jonathan forgot Paul and Mozart.

And somehow Jonathan no longer seemed too tall and odd-looking and awkward. The muscles of his big shoulders rippled beautifully under the thin cotton shirt, and his clean, strong fingers danced like ten magic fairies over the keys.

His bony face seemed to change, too. It actually seemed to grow handsome and sweet and wonderful like the music.

I glanced up and saw Mother standing in the living room doorway. She'd been in the garden.

Jonathan saw her and came back to earth with a handful of wrong notes. He leaped to his feet and sent a shower of sheet music fluttering all over the room. His face turned a bright pink again as his fingers clutched frantically at the fluttering sheets of music.

"I'm sorry," he stammered. "I . . . I . . ."

"That's quite all right," Mother said, helping him with the music. "It was lovely—your playing. What was it?"

"Nothing much," he told her, looking more embarrassed than ever. "Just something I wrote a few years back." He gave up trying to pick up the scattered music. "You're Mrs. Phillips, aren't you? My aunt mentioned

She claims your husband is the

doctor in the world."

Mother laughed softly. "And

Jonathan Johansson. Your aunt to

that you were coming here to Me

for a visit and to do some wor

your new symphony."

He nodded and turned to Pau

was going to show your son ho

play the Mozart, but . . ."

Mother put an arm about

shoulders, smiled, and gave him a

hug.

"He's not my son, I'm sorry to

she said. "His name is Paul Gard

Jonathan grinned at Paul. "

Paul," he said, "I'll show you

makes Mozart tick."

He sat down and worked with

for an hour, while Mother and I sa

the big red glider, listening. It wa

pretty wonderful, and how Paul l

it!

But suddenly, Jonathan glanced

his watch and leaped to his feet, al

upsetting both Paul and the p

bench. "Heavens to Pete!" he exclai

"I promised Aunt Eve I'd drive

town with her this afternoon."

He lunged for the door and so

how made it outside without tearing

screen door off the hinges.

"Golly," Paul said in an awed vo

"can he play!"

Mother's eyes were sparkling. "Jo

than Johansson," she told us, "is

of the most promising young compos

in the country today. Someday he

be a very famous man."

"Heavens to Pete!" Paul exclaim

JONATHAN came to our sunroom

very next day, bearing an awkwa

bundle in his awkward arms. It w

a new flower pot. How he managed

get from town to our place witho

breaking it, I'll never know.

After this, he came many times du

ing the spring and early summer. Du

ing those first few weeks, he was usual

gay and full of fun and overflowing wi

crazy little yarns and tunes for Paul a

me. He would drop down on the pia

bench, run his long fingers over th

keys, give us a solemn nod, and beg

to tell some outlandish story of h

own invention, set to rippling music.

Of course, not all his visits were lik

that. Jonathan had his unhappy m

ments when he'd have little to say or t

joke about. And his darker moods cam

more and more frequently as sprin

moved into summer. On these occa

sions, he'd just sit there and play musi

that sometimes made me want to cry.

One bright warm day, Mother cam

in and stood by the piano, watchin

Jonathan's marvelous fingers as the

flashed over the keys.

"How's the new symphony coming along?" she asked, after he'd stopped playing.

The fingers of his right hand kept making soft little runs and trills up among the high, tinkly notes of the piano, while the blue of his eyes seemed to darken.

"To be right honest about it, Mrs. Phillips," he replied, "I've bogged down. Nothing sounds right to me, anymore."

"I'm sorry," Mother said. "Perhaps the children are annoying you. If you say the word, I'll keep them . . ."

"Oh, no," he said quickly. "That's not it. It's just me."

He left soon after that, an ungainly, carelessly dressed young man, stumbling over his own feet. Mother stood in the doorway, watching him, smiling a little sadly, I thought.

And then came the never-to-be-forgotten day when Jonathan told us the story. His face seemed drawn and pale that day, I remember, and his blue eyes had a haunted look in them.

"I'll tell you a different kind of a story today," he said, "A story about a princess. And a poor boy who fell in love with her."

I PULLED my legs up on the red glider and spread my pleated blue skirt over my knees. Paul sat on the old wicker chair where he could watch Jonathan's fingers.

"Once upon a time there lived the most beautiful princess imaginable," Jonathan began, while his fingers played a sweet, lovely tune. ("The Princess Music," Paul named it afterward.)

"This princess wasn't a very large girl. In fact, the top of her golden head came only to the boy's shoulders. She was kind and good and had a lovely laugh." (We could hear the princess laughing in the music he played.) "When she was a trifle confused or embarrassed, she had a delightful little mannerism of tossing her head and smiling. And you could never forget her smile. It was like a burst of sunshine on a dismal day. She was wonderful! She was—well, it's not at all surprising that the boy fell madly in love with her."

Abruptly the music changed. It lost its smooth sweetness and became uneven, awkward, even a little ugly.

"The boy," Jonathan went on, his voice sounding unhappy, "was a big and bony fellow who was forever getting his big feet tangled up in things. He was like a clumsy clown. Even his name was a clumsy name to say.

"But there was one thing he could do pretty well. He could create beautiful things. Or, at least, they seemed beautiful to him. And to some people who should know. Anyway, he decided to build something very, very beautiful for the princess.

"After thinking about it carefully, he decided to build a great palace with his own two hands and his heart. Then, perhaps, after the princess realized that he'd built it just for her because he loved her so much, she'd understand the things that were in his heart. Perhaps, she would marry him someday after he had become a famous builder. So, filled with hope and happiness, he set to work."

"All by himself?" Paul asked doubtfully.

"All by himself. You see, this wasn't the kind of palace that kings live in—it was sort of a magic palace."

Live and Learn

▶ Over the luncheon table in a big city restaurant, two middle-aged businessmen were discussing the young fellows in their employ. One remarked that the younger men seemed irresponsible.

"None of them seems to show any inclination to marry and settle down, either," he said.

"That's right," his friend agreed. "For some reason, modern young men seem to fear marriage. Why, before I was married, I didn't even know the meaning of fear!"

—Lawrence Waters

"Did he tell the princess he was building it for her?" I wanted to know.

"No, he didn't. A time or two, he tried; but he couldn't seem to find the right words. He was a rather bashful boy, I'm afraid."

Abruptly the music changed again. The boy was building the palace now. You felt it as you listened. You could almost see the boy shaping the huge foundation stones, striving to make each one a perfect part of this wonderful structure.

You could see the palace grow above the foundation, becoming more delicate and more beautiful as it towered into the sky. You could hear the crash of giant oaks as the boy felled them and you could hear the ring of his ax as he hewed the straight trunks into flawless beams for the palace.

And then, as the palace neared completion, you could see the sun sparkling on the bright marble walls. You could see it reflected by the lovely colored windows that were like those of some great cathedral.

Paul and I sat spellbound, listening to that magic palace grow. Feeling the exhausting but satisfying struggle of the boy as he worked with such loving care. But suddenly Jonathan stopped playing. He stopped before the palace had been finished, leaving the beautiful rooms open to the rain and the wind and the cold.

IT was frightening, this sudden and unsatisfactory ending. I straightened out my legs and sat up. Paul slid from the old wicker chair and took a quick step toward the piano.

"Go on," he said. "Finish the story."

But Jonathan got to his feet and shook his blond head.

"That's all there is," he said. "You see, one day the boy learned that a rich prince was in love with the princess and intended to marry her. So the boy didn't see much sense in finishing the palace."

"That's no way for a story to end," I said angrily. "The boy and the princess must get married and live happily ever . . ."

"Letty's right," Paul said in his serious way. "The boy mustn't give up. He must go ahead with his palace and then . . ."

"Sure," I said. "If I was the princess and knew that the boy was building a beautiful palace for me, I'd . . ."

"But she didn't know about it," Paul reminded. "And if she didn't know about it, how could the boy expect her to guess he was in love with her and wanted to marry her."

"She couldn't," I said. "The boy was awful dumb not to tell her."

"Yep," Paul said as if the whole matter was now settled. "All he's got to do is go to the princess and tell her all about it. If I was him, I'd just sit down at the piano like Jonathan did and . . ."

"Silly," I said, "they didn't have pianos then. They had lutes and harps and things."

"I'd sit down at my harp," Paul went on doggedly, "and play the 'Palace Music' for her and tell her all about how I'd built it just for her. Then when I came to the unfinished part, I'd say, 'Now see here, princess, you've got to help me.'"

"And the princess," I interrupted excitedly, "would go with him to the unfinished palace and see how beautiful it was and know how much the boy loved her. Then she'd help him finish it and they'd get married."

"That's the way it would work out," Paul said enthusiastically. "Now Jonathan, you can finish playing."

"Heavens to Pete!" Jonathan cried. His eyes were suddenly sparkling, and a grin had come to his big mouth. "Funny I couldn't have thought of that myself. Not giving up—just going ahead —Say, I must be dumb like the boy when it comes to . . ."

He plunged toward the door, kicking a throw rug into a corner. He made it through the door without mishap. Perhaps because I had my fingers crossed.

"Where're you going?" Paul shouted after him.

But Jonathan didn't answer. He was loping madly down the street toward his Aunt Eve's home.

We never saw him again. That is, not in Merrium. Then one fall day came the tickets for the symphony concert and the little letter from Jonathan. I was so happy to know that he hadn't forgotten us that I almost cried. And now, here we were, Mother, Father, Paul, and I, sitting in those wonderful center aisle seats in the music hall, watching the orchestra players file out on the big stage.

AT last, the conductor came out and bowed, while everyone applauded politely. Everyone except Paul. He was too excited to do anything but look and listen.

The first number, an overture, began and ended. The applause died down, and something new seemed to fill the auditorium. A feeling of breathless expectancy.

I glanced at Mother. Her face seemed a trifle pale. My father was tapping his strong fingers on the arm of his chair. Paul felt the tenseness, too. He leaned forward and looked about wonderingly.

And then the music began.

I sat up suddenly, knowing that I'd heard it before. I glanced inquiringly at Paul. He was sitting up straight on the edge of his seat, his dark eyes dancing. He had heard that music before, too.

His lips formed the words: "The Princess Music."

That was it! Jonathan's princess. The small, lovely princess with the golden hair and a smile like a burst of sunshine and a cute way of tossing her head when she was confused or embarrased.

The music changed abruptly, and now we saw the boy, awkward, shy, loving the princess from afar. And then the magic palace began to go up. The great blocky foundation. The shining marble walls, the flawless oak beams, the beautiful windows. It was all there just as Jonathan had told us that day in the sunroom. Only with the great orchestra telling the story, it was somehow much more wonderful and impressive than it had been before.

As the music moved on and the palace neared completion, I felt a tiny knot of cold form someplace way down inside me. The tiny knot began to grow. It turned from cold to fear.

I glanced uneasily at Paul. His small fists were doubled tightly. He, too, was afraid. Afraid that the music would end just before the boy finished the magic palace.

I held my breath. If the music stopped, I knew I'd burst out crying. I crossed my fingers. I even said a little prayer—and the music faltered, almost dying away.

But suddenly, it leaped up, bright and gay and sparkling, rushing on to a triumphant and glorious finish! The palace had been completed. The princess and the boy were in it, I knew, and there they'd live together happily forever and ever! I wanted to stand up and cheer.

A spotlight flooded one of the boxes, and there sat Jonathan Johansson. Our Jonathan, even if he didn't look quite as I expected him to look. Tonight he had on evening clothes, and in them he looked tall and dignified. And his hair was combed down slick! He was wonderful!

He stood there and bowed and smiled down at us. Then he lifted up someone who sat in the chair beside him. A small lovely girl, whose golden head came scarcely to his big shoulders.

"Heavens to Pete!" Paul whispered. "The princess!"

But I knew better. I'd seen her pictures in the society pages of the Sunday papers. Her father owned the steel mills and was a very important man.

"She's Janette Whitney," I whispered.

"She's the princess," Paul said again.

At that moment, the conductor said, "The composer, Mr. Jonathan Johansson, and his bride, the—"

The applause drowned out the rest of his words, and the girl blushed prettily and tossed her head in a way that made my heart leap. I knew then that Paul was right. She was the princess, and Jonathan himself had been the poor boy in love with her, but afraid to tell her so. And the magic palace had not been the kind of a palace I had imagined, but this symphony which Jonathan had written for Janette Whitney, because he loved her so.

Paul tugged at my sleeve. Glancing at him, I saw the dream in his eyes.

"Someday," he whispered, "I'll write music like that, too, Letty. Someday, you and I will sit up there and . . ."

Now, long after the dream has come true, Paul will stop right in the middle of one of his own compositions and play the "Princess Music."

"Darling," he'll say, "remember?"

Then he'll pull me down on the piano bench beside him, and we'll marvel at the miracle of music and of love and of life itself.

THE GRIMY TOWNS

by CLIFFORD J. LAUBE

I have nothing against the cities of swank
Where the homes are neat and the lawns all trimmed,
Boasting a civic center and bank
And park-like tidiness, properly hymned.

But give me a town with a mill or two
And a roundhouse nudging the railroad track,
With the plumes and the pulsing of steam in view
And at least one smoking chimney-stack.

For the town of my choice is no mere retreat
To quiet and peace and a serenade,
But a bustling junction where hammers beat
And presses rumble, and things are made.

It is wrong that a town be rashly judged
By the reek and the smoke around it curled.
Surely the windows of Eden were smudged
That morning God started the wheels of the world.

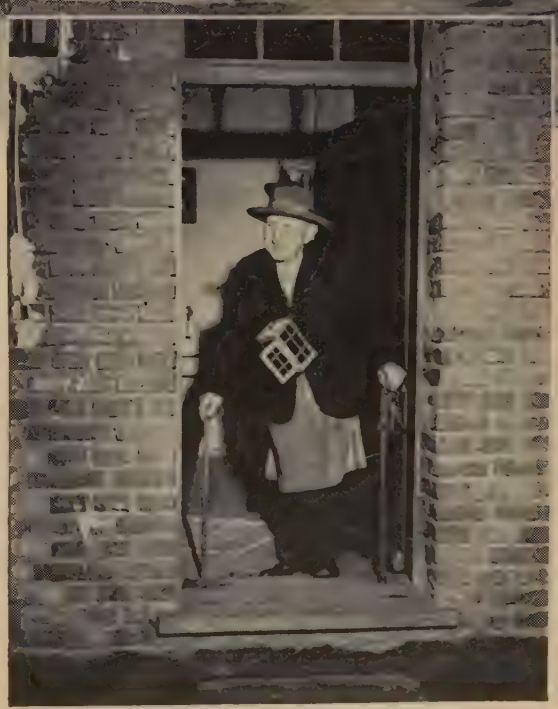
The story of an old but unique shelter for the aged and the poor

16th Century Housing Project

One of the old streets in the Fuggerei, so named after its founder, Jacob Fugger, the financier.

● Throughout the United States, housing projects designed to fit the budget of those of lower incomes have been built by the Federal Government and by private insurance companies. Though this is a comparatively recent idea with us, it is very old to the Germans. As far back as 1519, Jacob Fugger of Augsburg, Germany, built fifty-two homes and over one hundred apartments for the poor. This settlement, which is a small town in itself, is complete with rows of houses, its own church, walks, and gates.

Partially destroyed by the last war, the settlement still stands and is being rapidly restored. The rent today is the same as when the building was erected centuries ago—one Rhenish Florin or less than one dollar a year! Today the requirement to become a tenant in the project is a minimum age of sixty-five.



The village gate keeper locks up at 10 P.M. It costs latecomers 10 pfennigs to enter after that.

The ladies admiring the table cloth are seated in one of the living rooms in the Fuggerei apartments.

The lady of the house is cooking on a hearth that was built into this original house centuries ago.

The pastor at the church door. When Fugger built the village he also supplied a beautiful church.

An elderly couple kneel before the Blessed Sacrament in the very spacious but simply adorned church.

This frau lives in a more modern apartment. Instead of the picturesque hearth, she cooks on an iron stove.

Plumbing, though not of the best, is adequate. Above, an old gent draws water from one of the town wells.

The Jacob Fugger memorial. Our lady is depicted with her mantle around the homes and church of the town.

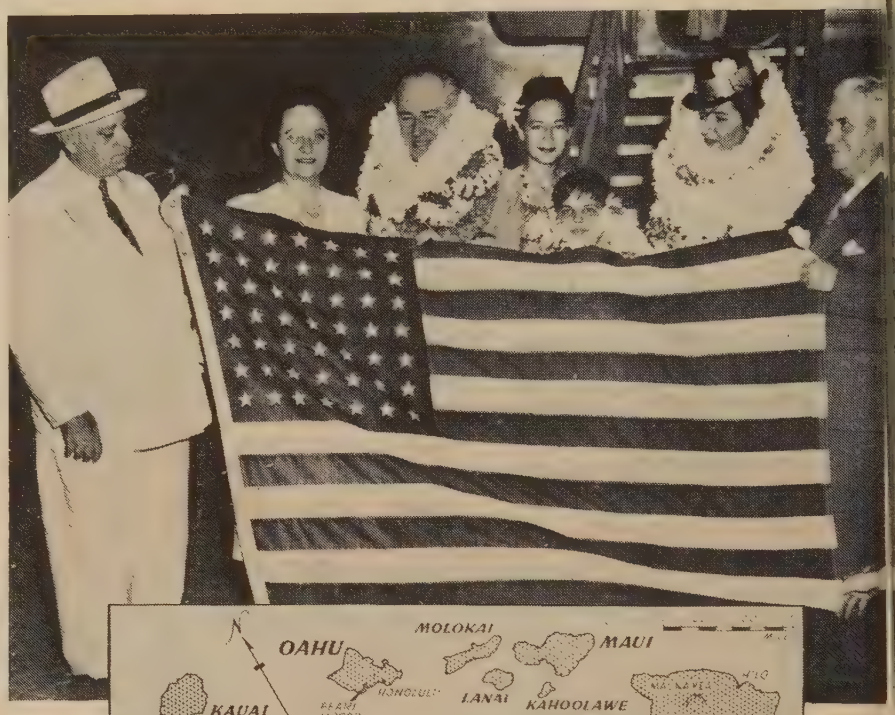
The remains of one of the local soldiers is kept in the church. Note armor and gear of the time.

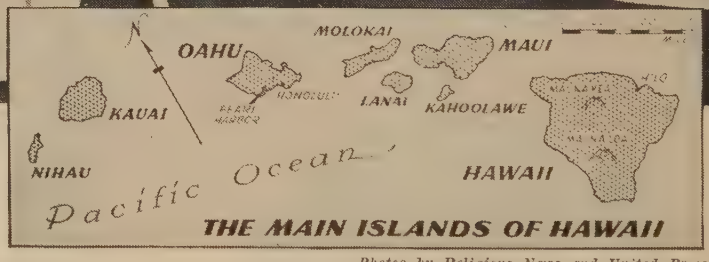
A SIGN PICTURE ARTICLE

Not only pineapples, palm trees, and thundering surf on scenic beaches—but a rare accomplishment in interracial living and democratic traditions of culture, religion, and patriotism, will make our proposed state of Hawaii the

Brightest Star in the Flag

by **JOHN E. DINEEN**





▲ *Most Rev. James Sweeney, Bishop of Hawaii. Congressional Delegate Farrington behind a revised flag. 49th star for Hawaiian statehood* ▲

Photos by Religious News and United Press

HAWAII has beauty. It has climate. It grows sugar and pineapples, and it not only entices tourists—it charms, persuades, and convinces them, and like Paris and Rome it leaves with them a memory that becomes a longing: the longing to return there, to rejoin that part of their hearts which they have left there.

Hawaii, it may well be, is a way of life. It is not only a group of islands in the Pacific Ocean, it is also an accomplishment—an accomplishment of three cultures: the Polynesian, the American, the Christian.

Talk with Joseph Farrington about Hawaii, and you become convinced that your impressions of it as a way of life are well founded. Here, in this fluent, eloquent, quietly affable descendant of New England stock, is an embodiment and advocate of that way. Successful as advocate, because he is so genuine as embodiment, Mr. Farrington is Delegate from the Territory of Hawaii in the House of Representatives of the United States, in which he has a voice but not a vote. Proud to be an American and a Hawaiian, he has found that, on the whole, there has been only one recurring incident during his ten years in Washington that has given him a twinge.

He can look back upon those ten years with no little satisfaction. Hawaiians, on battlefields throughout the world, established an enviable record fighting for the United States during World War II. Hawaiian prosperity has waxed. So has the movement for Hawaiian statehood. But whenever, on the floor of the House, the representative of Hawaii asks for recognition, the Speaker responds by addressing him as "the delegate from Hawaii." Others in the House are addressed as "the gentleman from New York," "the gentleman from California," and so forth; but the gentleman from Hawaii is addressed simply as "the delegate." He will not officially become a gentleman until Hawaii becomes a state.

There is, of course, nothing personal in the twinge that this causes Mr. Farrington. There is, you suspect, something deeper, something larger in it: almost a philosophic bewilderment and bafflement at that freak of circumstance and legality which, in withholding statehood from Hawaii for so long, has constituted an unintentional affront to a way of life and to the principle from which that way of life arose.

"Back in the nineteenth century," Mr. Farrington says, "the Polynesian natives and the American merchants, mariners, and missionaries who met in

vaii, met each other just a little e than halfway. There were indi- ial differences of opinion, naturally, even individual quarrels; but the ynesians as a group, and the ericans as a group, took to each er. A spirit of dignity, friendliness, mutual acceptance prevailed and rished. It still prevails and flourishes.

R. Farrington's contentment with this state of affairs is not that of a n who looks at a house he has built h his own hands and finds it good. ere is about such contentment an ment of conceit. Rather, it is like t of a man who looks at the sea, or a tree, or a mountain, or a child, a fine day, and finds it good simply ause it is there. The Hawaiian way life is good simply because it is re. It is not the result of a theory, political slogan, or a proclamation. is something that simply happened en goodwill met goodwill. People o practiced democracy and Chris- nity first and preached them second oduced it almost casually.

"The odd thing about all this," Mr. rrington points out, "is that, in waii, race isn't swallowed up in a lting pot. There is race conscious- ss there, but not race prejudice. ucasians fraternize mainly with ucasians, Polynesians with Poly- sians, Orientals with Orientals. But e three races also intermingle and termarry. It's something like what ppens here in the States—or, as we ll them, the mainland. Here, we are American. But we have our Irish- nerican, German-American, Italian-American and other such societies—without being at all any the less American. And people of Irish descent marry people of German descent, and so forth. It's something like that in Hawaii, only more so; because there, you see, we have people not only of different Caucasian *national* origins but of different *racial* origins.

"But we're all Americans, just as we're all God's children. Some of us died for our country, the United States, during World War II and others have been dying for it in Korea. We never, I should like to stress, talk about the United States as something different—we talk about the mainland. We feel far less strange about you—you mainlanders—than you feel about us."

The story of Hawaii as a part of the United States is not one of conquest, forced annexation, or diplomatic sleight-of-hand. It is a simple story of a native people who asked that their sovereign country be annexed as a territory of the United States and that they themselves become eligible as citizens of a full and proper federal state. Hawaii in the nineteenth century was a constitutional monarchy, most of whose kings were enlightened and progressive. A crossroads of the whaling and other trades, it did not resist, but welcomed, its contacts with the Americans, British, and French who called there. Americans in particular settled down in gradually increasing numbers, establishing businesses and building homes; the natives found Western democracy and the Christian religion agreeable to their healthy minds; and affairs on the whole, politically and economically, were as bland as the climate. In 1893, the last monarch, Queen Liliuokalani, not proving quite as harmonious to her peoples' taste in politics as her name was to their taste in music, was deposed, and the people asked to be annexed to the United States.

Their nationalism never having been questioned, frustrated, or persecuted, they were not defensive or crotchety about it. They had the imagination, and the humanity, to wish to belong to a larger, and a friendly, segment of the human race. They were not insular then, and they are not insular now.

LIKE Texas, Hawaii was once a republic. The 1893 petition for annexation having been denied, the republic was founded in 1894, with Sanford B. Dole as president, and administered the islands until 1898, when they became "an integral part of the United States." They were incorporated as a territory in 1900. They have never been a colony, possession, or dependency. As a territory, they have a fifteen-member Senate and a thirty-member House. The governor is appointed by the President of the United States, but his veto of a bill may be overridden by a two-thirds vote of each legislative branch.

There have been three objections to granting statehood to Hawaii: (1) That Polynesian and Oriental strains in the population outnumber the Caucasian, (2) that Communists have

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Hawaii's world-famous Waikiki beach and dome of Diamond Head in background. An island view

A group of happy Sisters from the mainland staff one of many Catholic Hawaiian schools

obtained control of the Hawaiian Democratic Party (often the minority party in territorial elections of delegates to Congress), and (3) that the islands are not contiguous to any of the forty-eight states. These objections are now pretty academic, but authoritative answers to them reinforce what has already been claimed in this article for Hawaii as a way of life.

(1) As for Caucasians being outnumbered, the Senate Committee on Interior and Insular Affairs reported in 1951: "Hawaii has been thoroughly American in word, thought, and deed for a half century or longer. Its American institutions and school system have produced American citizens worthy to stand on a basis of full equality with the best citizens of any state in the Union."

(2) As for Communists in the Hawaiian Democratic Party, J. Edgar Hoover, in 1951, placed the total number of Communists in Hawaii at 36, whereas there had been 160 in 1946. Senate and House committees, moreover, have reported "the evidence shows that as of 1951 the people of Hawaii have successfully cast Communistic influence out of all phases of their political, social, cultural, and educational activities."

(3) As for the noncontiguity of Hawaii to the mainland, the Senate Committee said: "Noncontiguity, in a geographical sense, has been no bar to the development of a typically American society, with American ideals and traditions in an extremely rich and fertile area. . . . In this day of the radio and telegraph and of jet propulsion, when the distance between Honolulu and Washington is a matter of hours, it has even less validity than in 1850, when standard transportation from the eastern seaboard to the West was by covered wagon or sailing ship."

Although Hawaii, with 499,794 citizens, is smaller in population than all but four states, it pays higher taxes to the national treasury than eleven states; and although during the 1947-51 period it contributed close to five hundred million dollars in taxes, it received federal grants of only fifty million.

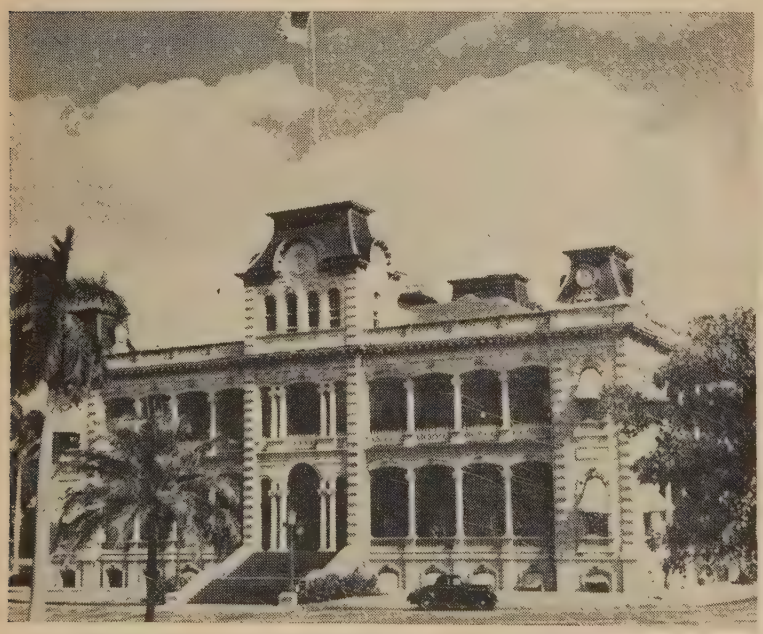
HAWAII, then, more than "pays its way." Its principal businesses are sugar, pineapples, the tourist trade, and flowers.

In Hawaii, the exotic also has beneath it a sturdy common denominator of Catholicism. A Catholic population of 145,000 means that there is about one Catholic among every three and a half Hawaiians—a better average than that on the mainland. Established as a Prefecture Apostolic in 1826 and as a Vicariate in 1844, Hawaii was established as a diocese in 1941. The ordinary is Most Rev. James J. Sweeney, whose cathedral is in Honolulu, on the island of Oahu, and whose responsibilities extend to the islands of Hawaii, Kauai, Lanai, Maui, and Molokai (where the leper colony founded by Father Damien is located).

There are 55 parishes, 56 missions, and four chapels in Bishop Sweeney's diocese; 127 priests; 363 nuns; 84 brothers. There are three private and nine parochial grade schools; four private and three parochial hi schools; two orphanages; a gene hospital, St. Francis' in Honolulu, a the special hospital at the leper colo There is a newspaper, the *Hawa Catholic Herald,* with a circulation 15,000.

Of the 127 priests, the majority a members of religious congregatio Bishop Sweeny needs more dioces clergy, and he is working hard to terest Hawaiian young men of Po nesian and Oriental descent in t priesthood. A vigorous, apostolic, a eloquent man, he points out th whereas on the mainland there is a average of one priest for every 6 Catholics, on the islands there is on one for every 1,200. There is also gre need for more nuns and teachers.

What remains for Hawaii to becon a state is (1) for Congress to appro the Hawaiian Constitution (which, b cause it is an admirable docume the Congress will undoubtedly do) a (2) for Hawaii to hold primary ele tions in October, 1954, and gener elections in November of the same yea to elect state officials, and two senato and one representative to Congre With the state-to-be abounding in poli ical and spiritual leaders like Del gate Farrington and Bishop Sweene and with the political, cultura economic, and religious aspects of th Hawaiian way of life being what the are—that is, a remarkable instance industry, harmony, and brotherhood the forty-ninth star in the flag of th Union will not only be one of th most beautiful. It will also be one the brightest.



This picturesque edifice, now the seat of the Territorial Government in Honolulu, will be Hawaii's first capitol

Typical of the quiet dignity of her race, this Polynesian woman weaves her ancient skills

Bishop Cuthbert O'Gara, C.P.

The Bishop Gets Out of Jail

THE gates of a Chinese Communist jail closed on Bishop O'Gara in July, 1951. From that time, until his eviction rom China on April 26, we have had no direct contact ith him. While in prison he was permitted occasionally write a brief note to the priests living under house arrest his mission, requesting clothing, soap, etc. This was the nly news about Bishop O'Gara we were able to give you.

Our apprehension was allayed to some extent with the ord that the Bishop and his Vicar General were to be xpelled from Red China on March 22; only to mount gain when the Bishop failed to appear in Hong Kong. For ve weeks we knew nothing about what had happened to him. We feared he had been transferred to another Red prison. Actually, he had been taken to a hospital in Changsha.

Upon arrival in Hong Kong, in the company of Father Paul Ubinger, C. P., and Father William Westhoven, C. P., Bishop O'Gara was placed immediately in St. Francis Hospital. He is reported to be in "fair" condition.

Seven Passionist priests remain in Red China. Two of these, Fathers Marcellus White and Justin Garvey, are in jail. The others, Fathers Linus Lombard, Ernest Hotz, Lawrence Mullins, John Baptist Maye, and Jerome Does, are under house arrest in their missions. We ask your prayers for their deliverance from the Reds.

Photo by R. E. McLaughli

• **Mrs. Marie Kerman** of Elizabeth, New Jersey, has been unable to walk for twenty-eight years due to paralysis. She has spent half her life within the same four walls. Her confinement has been neither tedious nor depressing, since her nimble hands enable her to communicate with persons in distant lands and exchange letters and symbols of prayer and faith. This zealous woman has designed and made weatherproof Sacred Heart badges which she has sent all over the world. Thousands of our soldiers in Korea wear her badges. In her files at the hospital she has many sincere replies from such distinguished men as Generals MacArthur, Matthew Ridgway, James Van Fleet; and Warren Austin, former U. S. Delegate to the U. N.

In addition to this, Mrs. Kerman knits for the lepers in India; writes letters and cards for patients unable to use their hands; sews for the Red Cross; aids Community Chest appeals, crochets prize-winning articles, and repairs statues which she sends to the foreign missions. She has recruited over two hundred members for the Sister Miriam Teresa League of Prayer, an organization seeking the canonization of a young nun who died at the hospital twenty-five years ago.

People

• Former holder of the world's distance record for jet aircraft, commanding officer of the Lowry Air Force Base Fighter contingent, a World War II fighter pilot, and one of the air force's first jet pilots—these are some of the phrases that describe **Major Ranger Curran.** But perhaps a better description would be "defender of the faith."

Curran, a tall, 220-pound, ex-amateur boxer from Boston, gives what he calls the pagans in the air force a rough time. Not one to water down the Faith, he puts it straight to playboy pilots: "You've got to live right or you'll fry like a fiery faggot in hell," he says.

The thirty-five-year-old senior pilot's favorite author is Chesterton, but he reads everything Catholic that he can get his hands on. "We don't have to apologize to anyone," he says; "we have it and they don't."

He is in constant demand as a speaker, especially to college groups, where they give his straight-from-the-shoulder approach a howling ovation.

He is shown below with his wife, Celie, and their four children.

Air Force Photo

Photo by Warren Turilli

Take Up the Cross

Crowds flocked to Christ during the fair weather days of His ministry. They stayed away when the going got rough and unfashionable. The same thing happens today

by ***PASCHAL DREW, C.P.***

DURING the course of His public life, our divine Lord ministered to people whose number can scarcely be estimated. It is true that some of the commentators on the Bible prefer to understand the words "crowd" and "multitude" in the gospels as indicative of quality rather than quantity. They tell us that when the evangelists speak of "multitude" or "crowd" they are using those terms in the same way as we speak of the "people," the "masses," as distinguished from the wealthy or the ruling class.

Nevertheless, there are many instances in the gospel narratives in which we cannot disregard the idea of numbers.

Consider the "four thousand men besides women and children" whom Jesus fed miraculously in the mountains near the Sea of Galilee. (Mk. 15:38) The "five thousand men besides women and children" whom He had fed in a similar manner on another occasion. (Mk. 14:13)

Think of the evening in Capharnaum when as St. Luke tells us "all they that had any sick with divers diseases brought them to Him. But He laying His hands on every one of them healed them." (Lk. 4:40) St. Mark relating the same incident says "all the city was gathered together at the door." (Mk. 1:33)

There was a crowd whose number was so great that Zachaeus must climb up into a sycamore tree in order that he might see our Lord. (Lk. 19:4) St. Matthew tells us that as Jesus entered the confines of Judea on His last journey to Jerusalem, "great multitudes followed Him." (Mt. 19:2) St. Luke recalls a multitude so great "that they trod upon one another." (Lk. 12:1) In the account of the first Palm Sunday we read, "A very great multitude spread their garments in the way: and others cut boughs from the trees and strewed them in the way: And the multitudes that went before and followed, cried, saying: 'Hosanna to the Son of David: Blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord: Hosanna in the highest' ". (Mt. 21:8) Indeed, the enemies of Jesus witnessing this event did not hesitate to say, "Do you see that we prevail nothing? Behold the whole world is gone after Him." (Jn. 12:19)

In other words, making allowance for those who were led by mere curiosity; discounting those who started out to follow Him and then, for one reason or another, walked with Him no more; at the end of His life Jesus must still have had a goodly number of followers.

The question presents itself, therefore, "Where were the followers of Jesus during His Sacred Passion?" From beginning to end, they were conspicuous by their absence as the tragic events of the Sacred Passion transpired.

The gospel story is ominously silent concerning them. We can only hope that when it says, "The whole multitude together cried out, saying, 'Away with this man, and release unto us Barabbas,' (Lk. 23:18), the word "multitude" does not include Jesus' followers.

It is not until Jesus is actually making the sorrowful journey to Calvary that we find Him receiving the first offer of sympathy. St. Luke, after telling us that He was so weakened that the cross had to be taken from Him and laid on the unwilling shoulders of Simon of Cyrene (Lk. 23:26), says that among the multitude who followed were a band of women who bewailed and lamented Him. (Lk. 23:27) To these generous souls who did not withhold from Him at least the tribute of their tears, Jesus Himself paid the tribute of the only words which He spoke on the way to Calvary. "Daughters of Jerusalem," He said, "weep not over Me; but weep for yourselves and for your children."

Another even more pitiable figure stands out amongst the followers of Jesus in His Passion. A follower who came only at the eleventh hour. The companion in suffering who from the height of his own cross, turned his head toward Jesus and said to Him, "Lord, remember me when Thou shalt come into Thy Kingdom." The penitent thief, to whom our Lord replied, "Amen I say to thee, this day thou shalt be with Me in Paradise."

St. John speaks of two others who stood by the foot of the cross with the sorrowful mother of Jesus and the beloved disciple: Mary of Cleophas, relative of the mother Mary and the faithful Magdalen concerning whom Jesus commanded that "wherever the gospel shall be preached in the whole world, that also which she hath done be told for a memory of her." (Mt. 26:13)

At the moment of the death of Jesus "the veil of the temple was rent in two from the top even to the bottom, and the earth quaked and the rocks were rent." (Mt. 27:51) "And the centurion who stood over against Him seeing that crying out in this manner He had given up the ghost, said: 'In deed this Man was the Son of God.'" (Mk. 15:39)

Finally the gospel tells us that Joseph of Arimathea, a noble counsellor, claimed the dead body of Jesus from Pilate, and together with Nicodemus who at first came to Jesus by night, buried Him in his own tomb.

This is the complete scriptural record of the part played by His followers in the sufferings and death of our Lord. Not a very impressive array, surely. We cannot help asking the question, "Where were the others?"

The story is told of Clovis, King of the Franks, that upon first hearing a narration of the sufferings and death of our Lord, he became so indignant that he stood up and shouted, "If I and my Franks had been there, we would not have allowed them to treat Him so." Brave saying indeed! And a saying which has probably been echoed in hundreds of thousands of hearts throughout the centuries! But, we wonder.

From a natural standpoint, the people of our Lord's time were not peculiar to the time and place in which they lived.

"The Cross Bearer"—Thiensen. Courtesy American Museum of Photography

"And they forced a certain passerby . . . to take up His Cross" (Mark 15:21)

Do the actions of present-day follow-
s of Christ lead us to believe that
e story we have told would be dif-
rent if He had lived on earth in the
ventieth century, or we in the first?
was not an easy thing for the men
id women of our Lord's time to
llow the precepts of a Teacher whose
octrines and spirit were so at
riance with the doctrine and spirit
the world of His time.

T is not an easy thing today. In fact,
we have every reason to believe that
Jesus were in the world today in the
rm of man, He would be made to
ndergo the Passion all over again. He
ould be arrested and bound and cast
to prison—gotten out of the way—by
ose who exile Him from our homes,
ır schools, our governments—by those
no arrest and kill priests and prelates
r the "crime" of inculcating reverence
r His name and teaching. He would be
ourged by those—and their name is
gion—who inside and outside of
arriage show no regard for the holy
rtue of purity. He would be crowned
ith thorns by those who poison the
inds of young and old by false teach-
ing and filth in the form of books, magazines, papers, pictures, shows, and movies. He would be made to travel the way of the cross again to the point of exhaustion by lazy people who are too busy to fulfill their obligation of worshipping God, too selfish to fulfill the duties of their state in life, too sensuous (not to say sensual) to prepare themselves for the proper discharge of those duties. Jesus would be nailed to the cross today by those who place sentimental mumblings about humanity above the law of God which says, "Thou shalt not kill."

Before passing judgment on the followers of our Lord in the time of His earthly sojourn, we must admit that, close as they were to Him and privileged to hear His teaching from His own lips, nevertheless, they did not have the example of Jesus suffering nor the graces which those sufferings merited, until after He had died.

Present-day followers of Jesus cannot claim the excuse which may be offered for His original followers. We have the example and grace of our Lord's Sacred Passion.

If you had lived in Palestine during the first Holy Week, would you have come forward in His defense? Would you have been brave enough to follow Him openly? Would you have been convinced enough to stand firm for His doctrine regardless of who might contradict it?

YOU need not stop at idle speculation regarding these things. You would have done just what you are doing now. What kind of a follower of Christ are you? Are you conspicuous by your absence whilst He is suffering in the world today? It is not easy to be a follower of Christ. But, of course, He never said that it would be easy. He promised to His followers a reward such as "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive." (I Cor: II, 9) But He also said, "If any man will come after Me, let him deny himself and take up his cross daily, and follow Me." (Lk. 9:23).

PASCHAL DREW, C.P., M.A., writer and outstanding radio speaker, is Professor of Greek at Holy Cross Preparatory Seminary, Dunkirk, N. Y.

Photos by H. Armstrong Roberts

A father's most important job is to love his children and then to give them the important sense of family belonging

Fatherhood as a vocation has com into its own, with science abettin the Church to prove that

Fathers are V. I. P.'s

by ROBERT P. ODENWALD

Fathers must be providers also

A GENERATION ago the father's part in the early development of the child, especially in the first few years, was regarded as one of little importance. In the later developmental years the mother was looked upon as the most important factor in the raising of children and even came to be considered as the scapegoat for any abnormal or delinquent behavior of the child.

This is because the early development of a child was regarded only from the physical viewpoint. The mother nurses the baby, changes his diapers, and takes entire care of him. In asking about the health and well-being of a child, you inquire, "How much does he weigh?", "How does he sleep?", or "How does he eat?". When all physical symptoms seem excellent, the child is considered as well and healthy. The psychological development is practically neglected. In a movie depicting the first year of the child, I noted that practically the only role played by the father was burning the toast, while the mother was in the hospital.

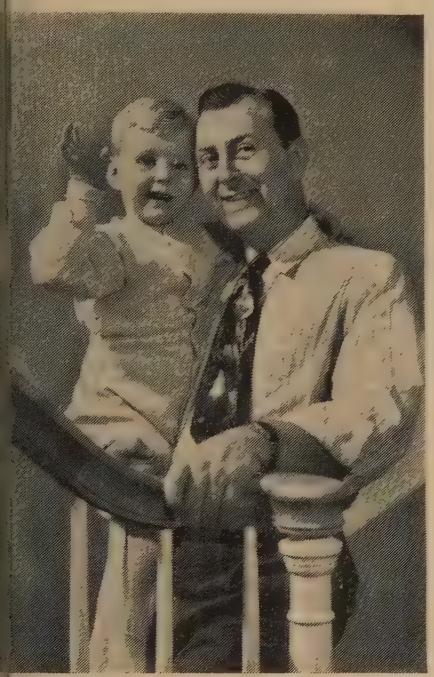
I emphasize that love and affection and "belonging" are of immeasurable importance in the development of the child, and this must come not only from the mother, but equally from the father.

It is natural that the child's interest during the first two or three months of its life is concentrated on the functions of eating and sleeping. However, even in this time the father may play a certain role in handling the child, in changing the diapers, or giving a bath.

I WANT to stress that the recognized presence of the father in the home is necessary for the healthy development of any child. The father must not be regarded only as the one who makes money, as much money as possible, even to the point of having a second job directly after supper. A father devoting all his time to the support of his family neglects the most important duty of fatherhood, and he becomes a stranger to his children. A mother one day complained to her husband that their little girl put up a fight every night when it was time to go to bed. He replied that he would see about that, he would put her to bed that night. It was a threat but the little one regarded it as a promise. That night the child refused to stay in bed unless her father put her there. He was astonished when he heard of it and went up the steps two at a time with a shout, "Get into that bed quick." With a happy laugh the child fled to her bed and cuddled down, smiling happily at her father. She insisted upon saying her prayers again and added a word of thanks for her "dear daddy." That father was wise enough to realize the love he had denied his child and that he had denied himself.

t may happen and it does happen, t the mother becomes a dominating ire in the family, while the unmind- father occupies an insignificant and uiescent role. It is understandable w important it is for a child to ntify himself early with the father and elop properly, since a child is in- ned to identify himself with the minant, strong figure in the house- d.

The boy submits to the dominating rson and should this be his mother, falls in too readily with her wishes l takes on feminine attitudes. He ds to become a mother's boy, a ssy." He may draw away from com- titive sports and prefer quiet, mestic activities to the more active d boisterous ones of the typical child.



At bedtime father is a protector

ch submissive children are too often garded as "ideal" children, for they use no disturbance in the house. Very ten they are made to act as servants ther than as children of the house. extreme cases these children are un- ble to marry, or if they marry, prove satisfactory mates. "Mom-ism" is cognized as one of the causes of in- curity in men of today.

Down through the ages the father was cognized as the head of the family; was the father who made decisions d saw that they were carried out. The ildren gave the father utmost confi- ence, believed in his unlimited rength, and felt that their destiny was fe in his hands. In those times the ther had a true sense of values, and y all means a sense of humor; he was lively, high in his aims; he had a lot of time for his family and was ever ready to play a game. He tossed a ball or played horseshoes with his son, took him for hikes in the woods, or went fishing with him. He took the boy or girl on his knee and told tall tales from his life which the child loved for their exaggeration. For the proper development of the child a father must keep himself and his soul young enough to maintain direct contact and understanding with these youngsters. "What do you want to become when you grow up?" is a favorite question on radio and television today and the answers are funny rather than intelligent. A recent study made at the Catholic University revealed that only 41 per cent of the freshmen boys understood the type of work their fathers were doing. This failure on the part of the modern fathers explains why children entering adolescence have little idea of what the world has to offer them. If the mother has had a too-protective influence, the youth enters a competitive outside world with no preparation for finding his way.

The father should serve as intermediary between the world and the home. He should discuss with the young minds the happenings in the world and should answer patiently and understandingly the many questions his children ask him. How easy it is for the father to discuss politics in a bar for long hours, over several glasses of beer, and how impatient he gets if he has to converse five minutes with his own children.

There can be no question that the father and father-figure is and should be of utmost importance in the child's development. If the male role in the home is regarded as a secondary one, the father exerts little influence in the child's development during its early childhood. Yet, even before six months of life, the baby is able to acknowledge and recognize its father and between six and twelve months, a divorce in the family precipitates, as is well known, an emotional conflict in the infant.

The infant's learning, his whole emotional upbringing, is achieved through complete identification. Children sense the presence of the father and the positive tender feelings aroused in the play period are an essential factor in their ego development. The father who romps with the little child, sits on the floor and plays with its mechanical toys, mends a broken doll or shoots at a target, develops a rapport with the youngster that brings them together as part of a family unit. And both the father and the child profit from this feeling of oneness.

QUICKLY the little child reciprocates the father's love with an inspiring devotion. The son admires his strength and masculine prerogatives and the little girl coquettishly woos the father's affection: both children feel safe and secure. The children admire the virile pattern of the father who is with them only a small part of the day and seek this father's recognition and esteem. They both want the father's protection and guidance and the sound rapport that is established that is the beginning of a close and enduring friendship.

The presence of a wise and affectionate father gives to the child a sense of security, a control which directs him

Photos by Harold Lambert

Asleep at the switch is the father coming home from work thinking himself too fatigued to entertain his children or show interest in their welfare

safely and within which protection he can adventure; an ideal to which he can strive. Close relationship with the father is naturally of first importance to the boy in his adoption to his social role in life and as a member of his sex. The girl finds ease and tranquil enjoyment in the presence of her father, the same ease and comfort which it is necessary for her to develop later in the company of the male sex, an important factor for the choice of the right mate.

Recently a tendency has developed to send children on vacation to summer camps at the same time that the father has his short vacation. I don't want to dispute the advantages of camp life; however, I want to stress that every parent, every mother, and especially every father should spend at least part of their vacations with the children, as this is the only time when the father is able to spend a whole day, or even one or two weeks with his children. The best part of this is that the father enjoys this youthful relaxation with his children. It is a mutual exchange of spirited play.

Wrong notions of love and affection that can do a lifetime of harm are the result of fathers' denying their children family intimacy

I don't want to dwell on the difficulties which wrangling, quarrels, and to a more serious degree, broken homes and divorce precipitate. Rather, I like to express such interpersonal relationships as have a serious effect on children and which are readily observed. You have here the repressed and undemonstrative father who gives his children so little assurance of his regard that the baby and child feel unwanted and insecure.

There is a group in which any demonstration of affection is considered in poor taste and plebeian, while lack of emotion is regarded as aristocratic and noble. One of my own patients, after his father's death, was deeply regretful that he never showed him any affection and could never remember having given him a kiss though he thought his father would have liked to be kissed after a long absence.

Children do not understand this unnatural repression of affection, being candid and open in all their thinking. They desire and need physical contact with persons they love. When children shy away from parents, there has been something wrong with the previous contact of the parents with the children. The child who is denied the opportunity to romp with his father and the baby who is denied his need for cuddling will come to think of affection in an unhealthy light. He may develop a personality that puts the wrong emphasis on affection and seek it unwisely, or he may assume his parents' attitude of rigidity which unfits him for normal romance and proper intersocial relationship.

Very often fathers are described with considerable injustice as being cruel, unreasonable, rough, ungentlemanly, and harsh. We sometimes must take a certain exception to this description. In my court experience I have seen a little boy cuddled against the breast of a hard-swearing, hard-talking father called "violently tempered and cruel" by the mother. However, the boy refused to go to his mother whose complacent smile illustrated her self-righteousness. This child knew that he found in his father's arms comfort and security, wh in his mother's were anxiety and in curity.

Also, the importance of the father the formation of a strong ego devel ment in the child cannot be denied must be remembered that in the l monious home the child's relations is not to mother or father as separ entities; it is the totality of their r tionship as parents. It is a shared r tionship, a feeling of oneness, fat mother, child. A child should have feeling that he can turn to the pare if the problem of living is too diffic

Let me again emphasize that the ther's interest in his children sho not begin only when they are enough to appreciate his contributi such as an allowance, repair of a t help with homework, or as a help avoid difficulties. The degeneration the father's role into that of a tir often dreaded nightly visitor has d much to make the child's identificati with the father impossible. Too oft the father is made to assume the role policeman to his son. "You wait un your father gets home tonight," mother threatens, "he will tend to yo Certainly the father should share in discipline of the child, but it should a thoughtful, fair judgment which exercises. He should not uphold child against the mother, but he shou when called upon, determine the nec sary punishment. If the boy has brok a window with his ball, the cost of placing the glass will be too heavy take it all from the boy's allowance. T father will have to share in the l Even the mother can volunteer forego a movie to help bear the co It then becomes a shared family p ment of a carelessness.

I HAVE tried to show you briefly th parenthood must be a shared relatio ship to the child, a shared responsib ity. The child should be brought up a feeling of being an individual p of a unity which is his strength a guide. It is a wise father who will rect his footsteps right. You probab all know the story of the man who we out of the house one winter's d through the deep unbroken snow. H walked a block, crossed over, and we another block and entered a buildi His little son, coming out to play, s the tracks of his father and stretchi his little legs, put one foot after anoth into the footprints of his father a followed along. It was a frighten father sitting at a bar who saw t door open and his little son walk in.

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Stage ☆ and ☆ Screen ☆

by JERRY COTTER ☆

John Wayne saves the day for Charles Coburn in "Trouble Along the Way"

Reviews in Brief

ough often contrived and occasionally incredible, **TROU-E ALONG THE WAY** manages to provide a fair share adult-size entertainment. John Wayne is cast as a coach ught back from gridiron limbo to develop a team for a ncially embarrassed Catholic college. Charles Coburn s one of those incongruous padres Hollywood loves well as the campus prexy who solves a problem in eco-nics the unorthodox way. There are some genuinely hilar-s scenes, others which are too saccharine for comfort, and e which indicate that the writers followed a pretzel path making their hero's divorce and remarriage conform to letter of the law. The stars give their customary slick formances with able assistance from Donna Reed, Sherry kson, and Tom Tully. (Warner Bros.)

twhile actor Dick Powell has turned director with start-g efficiency in **SPLIT SECOND,** a tense melodrama set in atomic-age ghost town. It is a terse and powerful tale of oddly assorted group which is trapped in a deserted bar-m of Yucca Flats on the night before a test explosion is eduled. At times it overreaches in striving for grim ef-, and it isn't recommended for every adult. However, for se who do enjoy the hardhitting school of melodrama s will undoubtedly prove absorbing. Stephen McNally's formance as a hardened convict is superb, and Alexis ith, Kieth Andes, Paul Kelly, Arthur Hunnicutt, Jan rling, and Richard Egan handle their roles skillfully. KO-Radio)

HOUSE OF WAX is the first full-length feature in the stereoscopic style. This even has stereophonic sound as an added attraction, but despite the technical tricks it only serves to prove that the 3-D revolution is going to need more than gimmicks to usurp standard projection. The chairs which fly into the audience, the sound of voices seemingly coming from all parts of the theater, and the crackling of fire as a wax museum burns provide a certain novelty that the average audience is going to relish. The story used in this instance was selected to provide as many ghoulish thrills as you've ever writhed through in one session. The macabre becomes ridiculous after a time, and even polaroid glasses cannot disguise the clichés. As an indication of progress in the dimensional field, this is fine, but it lacks the promised value as an asset to realism. Novelty is one thing, solid progress another. This delivers on one score, but only hints at what must be done in the other. As for the "rollicking" adventures of a girl tagged as a potential victim by a mad wax-museum wizard, they defy description without the use of a polaroid typewriter ribbon. (Warner Bros.)

A few spurts of violence and brawling only serve to underscore the general dullness and inadequacy of **THE WOMAN THEY ALMOST LYNCHED,** another glance back at the fratricidal days of the Civil War. It wastes the talents of Joan Leslie, John Lund, Brian Donlevy, and Audrey Totter on an inconsequential tale of frontier town conflicts made even less attractive by the suggestiveness of a ludicrous saloon soiree. (Republic)

DREAM WIFE wastes time and talent in recounting a cliché-ridden bit of nonsense. The time is ours, the talent belongs to Cary Grant, Walter Pidgeon, Deborah Kerr, and Betta St. John, who should be in better surroundings. It gets out of hand in detailing one of those "sophisticated" comedies, which might better be described as moronic. Grant enacts his role of retarded man of distinction in his usual capering style, and Miss Kerr is called upon to play a State Department career-lady in a manner more Hollywood than Georgetown. Miss St. John is an Iranian oil princess whom Grant pits against his State Department true love, and Pidgeon does little but look debonair as a Potomac functionary. Let us hope that this is reserved for home consumption only. (M-G-M)

For the audience that never tires of standard brands, **LAW AND ORDER** is an acceptable Western. It has hues by Technicolor, heroics by Ronald Reagan, and the required reserve of fast gunplay and background scenery. If it doesn't quite measure up as a piece of movie art, it nonetheless fills a familiar bill quite competently. Dorothy Malone is an attractive heroine, while Preston Foster, Alex Nichol, and Barry Kelley stand by as the adherents of dark villainy. (Universal-International)

TITANIC is a touching re-enactment of the ill-fated maiden voyage of the 1912 luxury liner. When dealing with the factual aspects of the tragedy, the film is a stirring and suspenseful spectacle, handled with top technical skill. The scenes in which the majestic liner meets its icy doom are expertly conceived and developed. Less intriguing are the fictional passages dealing with such varied shipboard companions as two bored expatriates on the verge of divorce, an unfrocked priest returning from Rome, and the conventional young romance. The anguish of the passengers as families are separated forever has been strikingly depicted without overstressing hysteria. Barbara Stanwyck, Clifton Webb, Richard Basehart, Brian Aherne, Robert Wagner, Thelma Ritter, and Audrey Dalton manage to convey the emotions and fears of the diverse characters in splendid portrayals. This is a strong and unforgettable adult drama. (20th Century-Fox)

JAMAICA RUN is standard adventure fare, embellish with an underwater sequence, Technicolor photography, a a fine cast headed by Ray Milland. What it lacks is a pla ible, fresh script and artful direction. Modern-day Jamai is the backdrop for a story of decadent gentry being pr pelled out of a Caribbean plantation by a combination inertia and Vat 69. A promoter with a resort-hotel glea in his eye arrives to bargain for the land. Court scenes, spectacular fire, and a subsea clash follow. Arlene Dal Wendell Corey, Patric Knowles, and Carroll McComas tal up the slack with convincing performances. (Paramount)

Family audience values are stressed in **THE LONE HAN** in which Joel McCrea appears as a mysterious newcomer i an area plagued by killings and robbery. His young son disturbed when dad refuses to join the vigilantes out to sna the outlaws. In due course pater blushingly admits tha he is a Pinkerton agent out to restore law and peace Timberlane. McCrea shares the main honors with the bea tiful Technicolor framing of the Colorado scenery. Jimm Hunt, Barbara Hale, Alex Nicol, and Charles Drake mak their secondary roles count. (Universal-International)

The elements of a good melodrama, sprinkled with adro comedy scenes, are interestingly presented in **NEVER LE ME GO.** As an added dividend, the script offers an honestl sketched portrait of the Russian complex as it affects a American correspondent and the ballerina-bride he woul take home. The Kremlin officialdom is coy about permi ting its happy citizens to face the hardships of the West an refuses permission for her departure. With Clark Gable a the correspondent, you may be certain the situation wi change. After storming the diplomat citadels in Washing ton and London without success, he embarks on an implau ible, but exciting, maneuver to spirit his dancing lady ou of Russia. He and the scriptwriter outwit the NKVD i nimble style. Despite the contrived plot there is a goodl quota of suspense for the family audience. Surprisingly Gable and Gene Tierney play their roles in convincin manner. (M-G-M)

THE GIRL NEXT DOOR adheres rather closely to th Technicolor musical blueprint, but in those moments whe it veers from formula it is a most enjoyable affair. Th

★ *Clifton Webb comforts young Harper Carter in "Titanic," gripping story of the ill-fated luxury liner of 1912*

★ *Gene Tierney is a ballerina and Clark Gable an American correspondent in "Never Let Me Go"*

nflicts center around the disillusionment of a boy whose dowed father falls in love with a glamorous dancer who oves in next door. Dad is a comic strip artist, a fact hich permits clever usage of cartoon sequences to bridge the eaker sections of the plot. Engagingly designed, acted with nviction by sprightly June Haver, Dan Dailey, Dennis y, and young Billy Gray, it is a likeable bit of summer-ight froth. (20th Century-Fox)

he obstacle course which the small town newspaper owner ust hurdle proves as humorous as it is frustrating in **IT APPENS EVERY THURSDAY.** A basically amusing idea, ightened by Loretta Young's spirited performance and hn Forsythe's impressive debut, it evolves into a minor iracle for these hours of Hollywood upheaval. With nary spare dimension, a color camera or a chase sequence in ght, it becomes an entertaining reminder that good movies ike technological gimmicks superfluous. (Universal-Inter-tional)

The Theater Season

ny awards bestowed for artistic achievement or dramatic lvance in the 1952-53 theatrical term would have a hollow ng. The season's bright spots were scattered and, for e most part, contributed by theater technicians in the ting, directing, and designing divisions.

Modern theater writing lacks spirit and substance; it ther strives for slick sophistication or rides on strident opaganda. There is little insight, a minimum of spiritual otivation, and only rare flashes of dramatic power. With w exceptions it is not of professional caliber. It leans avily on the creative abilities of a select coterie, with the rge majority either disinterested, incapable, or disqualified cause they will not take the pseudoliberal approach.

It is an unhealthy situation all around. One result is that ly 10 per cent of our Actor's Equity membership is em-oyed. Ireland's show folk are enjoying 100 per cent em-loyment, and 50 per cent of those in Belgium are working.

The public will support good plays. Evidence of that is hand in the enthusiasm playgoers display the minute a w offering receives favorable reviews. It is justifiably wary the also-rans, with the result that a few productions enjoy an inflated success out of all proportion to their worth, and the remainder soon vanish.

Right now the ticket-buying public is supporting a musical called *Wonderful Town* in which Rosalind Russell makes a spectacular stage comeback; Arthur Miller's impassioned tract, *The Crucible; Picnic,* a well-staged, but sensual, drama by William Inge; a revival of Shaw's *Misalliance;* Gershwin's folk opera, *Porgy and Bess;* a brash and noisy musical called *Hazel Flagg;* a rather heavy-handed fantasy by Peter Ustinov which he has titled *The Love of Four Colonels;* the appearance of Shirley Booth in Arthur Laurents' unattractive *Time of the Cuckoo;* a British mystery, *Dial M for Murder;* and a genially fantastic comedy, *My Three Angels.*

None of these currently popular attractions offers much in the way of solid value. Few would survive the competition of the best in their class. Yet their success proves that the public has not abandoned the theater despite the lean years behind and, we fear, ahead.

Performance-wise, the season offered some consolation. Rosalind Russell in her musical clowning, Shirley Booth's poignant performance in a tedious comedy, Victor Moore's delightful return in *On Borrowed Time,* Arthur Kennedy's brilliant work in *The Crucible,* Tom Ewell in the comic vacuity of *The Seven-Year Itch,* Maurice Evans and Gusti Huber in *Dial M for Murder,* the gripping recitative performances of Tyrone Power, Judith Anderson, and Raymond Massey in *John Brown's Body,* the emergence of Geraldine Page with a beautifully modulated characterization in the desultory *Midsummer,* the haunting group performance by the Negro cast in *Porgy and Bess,* the superb pantomime of the Madeleine Renaud-Louis Barrault company from Paris, and the persuasive charm of Martyn Green, that perennially wonderful Savoyard. Two Hollywood stars, Katharine Hepburn and Bette Davis, offered distinctive examples of how *not* to act on any stage, at any time.

In previous years THE SIGN has recognized outstanding dramatic endeavor with its annual Drama Award. *The Glass Menagerie, The Patriots, Spring Again, State of the Union, Othello, The Consul,* were among those singled out for attention. Special awards have also been made to The Blackfriars Guild and The Catholic University Drama Department. No award is being made for the 1952-53 season.

★ ***Dan Dailey, Billy Gray, and June Haver in the musical, "The Girl Next Door"***

★ ***John Forsythe and Loretta Young are a husband-wife newspaper publishing team in "It Happens Every Thursday"***

Marriages ARE MADE

He had the sort of feeling you get on a roller-coaster

by
LESLIE GORDON BARNARD

In the attractive Miss Hedge, Mr. Pinner recognized a woman who was apt to get what she wanted. There was only one thing for an avowed bachelor to do

FOR more years than he was beginning to care to count, Mr. Pinner had been afraid of women. Quite a few men will freely admit that they dislike women or don't understand them or prefer to give them a wide berth, but Mr. Pinner went further. They scared him. Partly this was due to the fact that they attracted him, as bright flies may attract even a wary fish. At Mrs. Carstairs, where Mr. Pinner boarded, a legend had grown up about him, that he was secretly loyal to some earlier and tragic love. The idea rather pleased Mr. Pinner when finally it reached him, not only because of its romantic content, but because he fondly imagined it had some protective value. While, being essentially a truthful man, he refused to confirm the legend in as many words, he saw no reason in letting it die, serving as it did so good a purpose.

It was shortly after this that Miss Hedge came to occupy Room 3, on the first floor at the front of the house. This was Mrs. Carstairs' best room, if there was such a thing, for the whole place was rather less than second rate. Ordinarily Mrs. Carstairs palmed off any other vacant room on a newcomer before she came round to offering Number 3, which could always be put to profitable overnight use for tourists, but when Miss Hedge arrived there was no nonsense about it, as Mr. Pinner was privileged and slightly awed to witness.

Mrs. Carstairs' Millie had been cleaning Number 3 sketchily after an overnight occupancy and had, with indefensible carelessness of which she would certainly hear later, left the door open.

"I shall take this," Miss Hedge said.

Mrs. Carstairs took a look at the room, at Miss Hedge, and then at Miss Hedge's steamer trunk now appearing on the shoulders of an expressman, and capitulated. It was a trunk so bright with labels from all manner of foreign and other parts that Mrs. Carstairs was for the moment dazzled if not disarmed.

"It'll be eighteen a week," she said.

"Sixteen," said Miss Hedge with gentle firmness, and indicated the notice on the wall giving rates, which Mrs. Carstairs had not managed to back against.

"Didn't I say sixteen?" Mrs. Carstairs was all innocence.

"You did not," said Miss Hedge blandly.

Passing by, Mr. Pinner lingered in the hallway, caught by the tension in the voices.

"No electrical appliances, you understand," Mrs. Carstairs said defiantly.

"Except reasonable ironing," replied Miss Hedge, sticking to the text.

"Or laundry." Mrs. Carstairs was now fighting a retiring engagement.

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY HARTMAN

"Limited," amended Miss Hedge.

Mrs. Carstairs took another look at Miss Hedge and at the labels on Miss Hedge's trunk, and gave it up. Travel was a remarkable thing. She said as much.

Miss Hedge smiled.

The smile reached Mr. Pinner, into whom Mrs. Carstairs had now backed, and remained to transfix him in spite of Mrs. Carstairs' tart inquiry in passing, "And was there something *you* wanted, Mr. Pinner?"

WHAT he wanted was one more look at Miss Hedge, impeccable in blue, a hat neither aggressive nor reticent, attractively slanted to show hair that made him think of pulled taffy. He had seen nothing quite like it since as a very small boy he had made tentative advances to the little girl beyond the back fence and been slapped for his pains, to his great surprise and discomfort. His present boldness in hesitating a moment longer in the hallway was his undoing. Miss Hedge saw him.

She came right to the door of the room.

"Hello," she said. "I wonder if it would be too much trouble to help me shift this trunk."

It was while he was shifting the trunk that Mr. Pinner became aware of what manner of female this was. He had just dusted off his hands, and said, wanting to break the silence with reasonable conversation, "You've certainly been places!" when Miss Hedge began to laugh.

"I bought it," she confessed. "In an auction room. Just as it is. The labels came with it. I've never had the heart to take them off."

The thought, and the memory of the effect of the labels on Mrs. Carstairs, gave Mr. Pinner more than just a moment of shared humor. In his own room later, the dialogue he had overheard between the landlady and her new tenant kept recurring. A woman, this Miss Hedge, who knew her own mind, and was apt, he surmised, to get what she wanted.

Was that not the very kind a man should avoid? Still, one had to be polite, living in a house like this and frequently being obliged to pass Miss Hedge in the hallways, on the stairs, and of course at meals. It was not, he told himself, that she was so pretty. Attractive, yes. But when she smiled it did things to Mr. Pinner, most disquieting things. He soon had a terrible suspicion that he could, if he once allowed his defenses to crumble, fall in love with her. At times he was afraid he might do something hasty and even irreparable. At other times he was even more afraid that he had no chance with her at all. Wavering between these extremes,

He began to see that this could not go on. In the offices of Clutterbuck and Thornberry, his work was suffering

as the days went by and Miss Hedge seemed permanently established in Number 3, his digestion threatened to be seriously impaired.

"You aren't eating," Mrs. Carstairs reproached him one night at what was called evening dinner. "I hope indeed there's nothing the matter with the food."

"Nothing," said Mr. Pinner quickly, embarrassed under an oblique glance from Miss Hedge, "nothing at all."

Nobody had ever said that to Mrs. Carstairs before, and even she seemed startled at this lapse in his customary veracity.

BUT that evening, Miss Hedge waited on the landing until Mr. Pinner overtook her.

"You really aren't looking well," she told him solicitously. "Don't you think, perhaps, you should get out a little more?"

As Mr. Pinner five-and-a-half days out of seven was out all day at the office of Clutterbuck & Thornberry, there could be only one meaning.

"I do rather stick around," he admitted. "But it isn't much fun going places alone."

"In that case," said Miss Hedge, "why not ask someone to go with you?"

Mr. Pinner's laugh was an achievement.

"All right," he said, "I'm asking you."

Her laughter, rather pleasantly he had to admit, mingled with his, making everything, as you might say, casual.

"Where," she asked, "shall we go?"

Upstairs in his room a cold breath of reason chilled a little the happy fever of Mr. Pinner's excitement. What rash thing had he done now? Did not great oaks from little acorns grow?

At first, when Mr. Pinner and Miss Hedge went out together, to a movie or a show or even, occasionally, to dinner as if to escape the deadly routine of sausages and stews beyond which Mrs. Carstairs' imagination or purse rarely ran, a little kindly joking was bandied about; but like all things the habit became established and no one gave it much more thought. Mr. Pinner did overhear Miss Crump give it as her emphatic opinion, Miss Crump's opinions were always emphatic, that nothing would ever come of it.

"Mark my words," she told Mrs. Carstairs while paying her weekly board, "you mark my words, nothing will come of it. Nothing."

"Well," Mrs. Carstairs replied, "I'm sure I don't know." Mrs. Carstairs, except in matters of purely domestic economy, and indeed even then, was soon out of her depth. She now floundered back to safer and shallower waters. "So long," she said, "as they behave themselves in my house and pay their board promptly, that's all I ask."

"Nothing!" repeated Miss Crump, not to be put off, and retired into her room.

To overhear a conversation like this gave Mr. Pinner pause, as the saying is.

Was Miss Crump right? And did he, or should he, feel relief—or despair? How far had this thing gone; how far did he really wish it to go?

Glancing back over the whole affair, he could see that, while he and Miss Hedge got on quite admirably and even had promising tastes in common, they were, in an emotional sense, getting nowhere fast. He still called her "Miss Hedge"; a score of times he had trembled on the edge of uttering the more tender word, "Dorothy," but drew back, sometimes with quick-witted irrelevance. "Dor—" he would begin, and then reach hastily for "Dorsetshire is one of the smaller English counties," or "Dormice hibernate in winter," or "Dorcas was a good woman," when Miss Hedge would look at him with her clear and lucid gaze and indulge in a kind of Mona Lisa smile. He supposed if he once got to it there would be reciprocation, and the idea of her calling him "Harold" gave him, even in remote anticipation, the sort of feeling you get on a roller-coaster, a sensation halfway between terror and ecstasy. On the other hand, it was extremely possible that she wished no greater intimacy than at present existed.

He began to see that this couldn't go on. Even his work was suffering. In the offices of Messrs. Clutterbuck and Thornberry, where ordinarily he was efficient even in an economy of motion, he now moused around, often making two motions do the work of one. Panic at last filled him. The whole thing, from that first fatal moment when he had taken his second long look at Miss Hedge's taffy-colored hair and assessed the general effect of her blue outfit, had been a ghastly mistake.

IT was then he made his great decision.

"I shall leave," he told himself, "I shall go away. A long distance away. This should never have happened to me."

In this he was inspired by the fact that the offices of Messrs. Clutterbuck & Thornberry overlooked the railway terminus; and though he had long since ceased to pay any attention to the almost constant clang and turmoil of the comings and goings, they now obtruded themselves again. Moreover, lunching at his usual haunt, the Diana Grill; Tony Galapos, Prop, right across from the railway terminus and a place to which on one memorable occasion he had escorted Miss Hedge, Mr. Morcambe, sharing his table, hinted at a possible opening in the Pacific coast branch. As Mr. Morcambe

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knew rather more about Messrs. Clutterbuck & Thornberry's minds than they did themselves, this seemed highly authoritative.

"If I were younger, Pinner," he said, "I'd jump at it. Now you . . ."

He left it in the air, whence Mr. Pinner snatched it, admitting his interest.

"I'll speak to Thornberry, if you like," offered Mr. Morcambe.

Why, yes, the word came back from Mr. Thornberry.

Mr. Pinner, of course. The very man.

"We shall miss you, of course," Mr. Thornberry assured him, "and if you should change your mind for any reason, even at the last moment, we can arrange for someone else."

Mr. Pinner had no thought of changing his mind, but he kept his own counsel, and indeed told nobody. If Mrs. Carstairs got word, there was no telling what pound of flesh she might exact first. As for Miss Crump, once she got her teeth into this, she would worry it like a terrier shaking a rat. As for Miss Hedge? Ah, but how could he break it to her? If she took it very hard, he would be torn between going and staying; if she took it casually, he would be secretly but deeply hurt.

It was at dinner, when all assembled to do justice to Mrs. Carstairs' food, that he said, after a preliminary cough:

"I shall be leaving shortly."

They all stopped eating.

Miss Crump cried, "Leaving, Mr. Pinner?"

"Leaving?" echoed Mrs. Carstairs.

"Being sent," Mr. Pinner explained briefly. "West coast. Next Wednesday."

"Well!" Mr. Scopes spoke for all, "What do you know?"

Mr. Pinner's glance traveled obliquely, searching for whatever expression Miss Hedge's face might hold. Miss Hedge's face held no expression worthy of the name. Evidently, thought Mr. Pinner, if he had said the Carpathians instead of the Pacific coast she would have remained calm and undisturbed. At sight of such disinterest, Mr. Pinner's ulcers responded.

THIS was intolerable. He had been quite right in deciding to get away. The sooner definitely the better.

Later, in the upper hall, Mr. Scopes stopped him, pinning him with a rigid and accusing forefinger against the top button of his vest.

"I believe, Pinner, you're running away."

"From what?" Mr. Pinner blustered.

"Ha!" said Mr. Scopes, and went on.

Miss Crump, coming by, smiled the triumphant smile of a prophet duly confirmed by events.

Almost at her heels came Miss Hedge, who stopped, said breezily, "When did you say you were going? Wednesday? Well, good luck."

Just like that.

He packed angrily. For two days he packed, his things at the office, his worldly goods here at Mrs. Carstairs'. He was packed far too early, and checked and rechecked; and now on the last night of all gave one more over-all check up, closing his suitcases and locking them with terrible finality, feeling his keys, his glasses, the tickets and reservations placed carefully in the inner pocket of his suit jacket, now hung over the back of a chair until he had got his luggage toted downstairs.

Nothing left to do now, but to say good-by. And suddenly he seemed to see qualities even in Miss Crump, Mr. Scopes, Millie, of course, who was always nice to him, and Mrs. Carstairs herself. To leave them, and the others, forever. When that was accomplished he felt limp. But there was still Miss Hedge.

He had left her to the last.

"Well," said Miss Hedge, "so you're really going. I had an idea that in the end you might change your mind."

Her cheerfulness was shattering.

But Miss Hedge had not yet done her worst. Now, glancing at her wrist watch, she said, "If you don't go, you may miss your train," and as if she were a—a sister or something, she shooed him to his room, hustled him downstairs twice with his bags, finally snatching his jacket from where it hung on the back of the chair and helping him on with it. "Happy landing," she called after him with the same horrible cheerfulness, and Mr. Pinner went heavily down the stairs with the last of his luggage.

At that, Miss Hedge was quite right. He was so late the redcap at the station adjured him to hurry, thus joining in the conspiracy to waft him away; and he pushed the trolley with Mr. Pinner's worldly possessions hastily before him to the gate. "Your ticket," he reminded Mr. Pinner, who reached in his pocket for it, fumbled, went blank. This pocket? That pocket?

"Bound to be there," the redcap said, helpfully. "Ninety times out of a hundred it is."

Mr. Pinner, it seemed was one of the ten.

NUMBLY he saw the gates close, heard the train rumble out. Staring disconsolately at his luggage stranded like himself, he had only one comfort—that he hadn't attempted to check any of it. He and it were at least together, one and indivisible.

But now what should he do?

The mere idea of returning to Mrs. Carstairs', and facing them all again after what were, perhaps, leavetakings of too affectionate and overemotional an order, struck a chill into him. As for facing Miss Hedge?

"No," he said aloud, "never."

He would have the redcap park his things in the parcel room and, with only an overnight bag for companionship, go seek some highly anonymous room for the night.

This accomplished, he quitted the station concourse, crossed the street, and the sight of the Diana Grill, Tony Galapos, Prop. cheered him slightly. He could at least have a cup of coffee; and at this time of night nobody of his acquaintance, certainly not Morcambe or any of the fellows from Clutterbuck & Thornberry, would be there to witness his shame—a man supposed to be on a train and not on that train.

The moment he was inside he regretted it. Here he had, on one still memorable occasion, brought Miss Hedge, and the memory of it rose to haunt him. Indeed, he deliberately avoided so much as a glance in the direction of the table where they had sat, but, taking an inconspicuous stall, ordered coffee moodily, drumming with his fingers a small, futile tattoo with his fingertips.

The coffee came. Mr. Pinner lifted it to his lips, and on the fourth sip felt sufficiently strengthened to look around.

It was fortunate that he had set the

Guilty as Charged

▶ Three Soviet citizens who had somehow survived the purges were comparing notes in a camp in Siberia.

"I am here," said the first, "since 1929, for calling Karl Radek a counter-revolutionary."

"And I," said the second, "since 1937, for saying that Radek was not a counter-revolutionary."

"And I," said the third, "am Karl Radek."

Father Mathew Record

cup down. The only thing that now dropped was his jaw.

There, at the very table where they had sat on that memorable occasion, was Miss Hedge, just taking her seat.

The mere physical phenomenon was incredible enough; but it was only when Mr. Pinner allowed himself to plumb deeper that he came up with an amazing possibility which, the more he thought of it, seemed the only possible explanation.

This was a sentimental pilgrimage.

Miss Hedge had not been so casual about his leaving after all. Deep within her, hidden from his eyes, was a sense of loss. She had come here to mourn his going, to renew memories.

Everything inside Mr. Pinner seemed to collapse at once, crushed between a wild delight at the surmise and an anguish of embarrassment at being a witness to her secret grief. He had seen, was seeing, what undoubtedly his eye was not supposed to see. It was almost as if he had returned to witness his own obsequies. Under such circumstances what should he do? Could he rush across, as a wild impulse directed him to, and carry the situation off with a gay, "Look who missed his train?" or "Guess who?" or some other lightly coined phrase?

Like many a man in a similar situation, Mr. Pinner did nothing. He let Nature take her course, but do what he would his eyes demanded freedom to glance at Miss Hedge. If he had kept his nose, so to speak, in his coffee cup, there is no telling how or when the showdown, if any, might have come, or whether he would have managed to sneak away, unobserved and shaken to his depths. But to keep his eyes away from Miss Hedge was asking too much. She was wearing a blue dress on which, in a bold moment, he had dared to compliment her. Her profile was set at an angle different from that which he was ordinarily and daily familiar; and the slight tilt of her nose made her look a little like a schoolgirl from whom one might expect at any moment an attractive impertinence.

SO struck was he by Miss Hedge's attractions that he openly stared and at length, putting to new proof the theory that if you stare long enough at another person that person will look at you.

Miss Hedge looked.

If she was startled, as he was certain she must be, at the sight of him here in the flesh when his body should have been sliding westward along bands of steel, she kept her emotion well in hand. It was a precarious moment. One look of distress, of distaste, or even embarrassment, and he would have fled incontinently, steering an apologetic course near enough only to murmur, while in flight, "Missed the train. Going in morning!"

But, instead, a faint smile, you might almost say an agitated smile, toyed with Miss Hedge's lips. It was a smile that clearly said, "Come over and tell me about it."

Abandoning his coffee, Mr. Pinner rose, walking toward Miss Hedge's table a little as he supposed a man might do if he were in motion during sleep.

"Hi," said Miss Hedge, easily. "Sit down."

Just like that.

Mr. Pinner sat down. "I—I missed my train," he said. It was a half-truth and he was uncomfortably aware that Miss Hedge was waiting for more. "Got there," he said, "and couldn't find my tickets." He made small futile motions with his fingers as if to suggest the legerdemain by which this must have been accomplished, this flight of his transportation.

"Oh?" It was amazing how much, and yet how little, Miss Hedge got into that word. There was, he was sure, emotion in it; and yet some curious restraint. But her eyes went further. They said more. They said so much that Mr. Pinner was startled; and, floundering for a tremendous moment, he struck bravely toward the truth as a swimmer out of his depth might head for a desirable shore.

"Miss Hedge," said Mr. Pinner, hesitated for an awful instant, then said fiercely, "Dorothy Hedge, will you marry me?"

"Yes," said Miss Hedge.

Babes in Hollywood

▶A Hollywood rivalry between two onetime sirens of the screen has existed since silent picture days. At a recent gathering, they found themselves seated side by side.

"I remember that movie you made in 1930," said one. "But I didn't see you in your first success. I was in the kindergarten."

"You were?" the other exclaimed. And then, sweetly: "I didn't know you had been a schoolteacher!"

—Rosalie Hull

When breath returned to Mr. Pinner's body, and the walls and tables in the Diana Grill stopped whirling, Mr. Pinner heard himself saying, "How terrible if I hadn't missed the train. Why, all this—why . . ." He cupped his hands to hold the inexpressible. In imagination he lay in a curtained berth while the locomotive that steadily multiplied the miles between him and Miss Hedge wailed its melancholy in the night. It was unnerving. By so narrow a margin. And here he was, and here she was; both wrapped up in a luminous miracle. But beyond the miracle lay practical affairs.

He said, "What—what about the West?"

"I'd love it," Miss Hedge said.

"We could be married"—the word almost stuck in Mr. Pinner's throat—"either before, or when we got there."

"Either," agreed Miss Hedge promptly.

They sat and gazed into each other's eyes again; Miss Crump, that now confounded prophet, wouldn't have believed it. Mr. Scopes would no doubt have winked, and said, "Ha!" As for Mr. Pinner, he was now properly embarked on an emotional roller coaster, with a new, sharp dip every time Miss Hedge looked at him from under her taffy colored hair.

FINALLY he got near enough to the ground to shake his head again over this happy trick of fate.

"If," he said, "if it hadn't been for my losing the tickets . . ." Suddenly he began to laugh. "Wouldn't it be funny," he said, "if I found I had them after all," and he started a new search. It was at this moment that he saw a change come over Miss Hedge, a vacillation between the firm briskness he had once feared and a most likeable and appealing timidity. And then some composite of it grew in her face.

"I think, Harold," she said, taking his name on her lips for the first time, "you should know now. I just—just couldn't let you—get away."

Staggered, Mr. Pinner saw what he saw. From the depths of Miss Hedge's handbag, it came. From the depths, also, of Miss Hedge's guile. His transportation! The missing tickets. Women, he thought, women. And this one, to whom he had so guilelessly latched.

"So?" Mr. Pinner said. "From my pocket."

"Yes," Miss Hedge said.

She smiled. Not a very firm smile, but bright, luminous. And she looked at him—the simile suddenly struck Mr. Pinner—as if he were a special bit of luggage with gay labels on it.

"Well," said Dorothy Hedge, "do you want to make something of it?"

"Yes," Mr. Pinner said, "I do."

Woman to Woman

by KATHERINE BURTON

"Let the Child Decide"

TO TALK CRITICALLY of modern education is a dangerous thing to do, but the years make one fearless. When some time ago I dared to do it on this page, I received some very harsh comments but also quite a few bouquets, which showed I was not alone in objecting to that variety of education known as progressive in the public schools, a method which in some of its phases produces fine results but in others brings horrendous ones. At that time I was hoping children would learn to spell, surely a simple hope, and one which I share with many business men who have to deal with progressive typists.

The other day I was talking with a friend, for years the principal of a really "super" school of progressive bent, one where the child decides the day and year when he is going to learn to read. I mentioned that one of my grandsons had had difficulty in learning to read in another school and that then a fine remedial reading teacher came to the school for a time and he was put in her group. Within a month he was able to do actual reading. "Ah," said the principal with pride when I finished, "you see he was ready for it then and not before."

Only the system wins, never the good teacher in the super-progressive education, and I think this is its great weakness; though they insist the older systems were too harsh, this system somehow seems to me harshest of all. To load all responsibility on the child is surely not true kindness, even if the system is based on kindness. Is this method of laissez-faire really right for the young child? The lovely classrooms, the books full of pictures, the desks that are free-moving, the little minds that must be made as free-moving as the desks—is this last, in the end, fair to the child?

Freedom from Neatness

I READ RECENTLY a newspaper interview that seemed to carry this all to a sort of grand finale on Freedom for the Child. We all want for him freedom from fear, of course, and freedom from hunger and the rest, but here is something new—freedom from neatness. A London child specialist—not a teacher, I hasten and am happy to add—informs us that we should let children be untidy, that parents ought to resign themselves to put up with the mess the youngsters make around the house. Don't ask the little darlings to clean it up, she warns, the implication being that the psychological results would be disastrous to the young ego.

"We are wasting our breath and energy trying to alter them," she says calmly, "until they want to do it." And she adds consolingly that when they grow up and have a home of their own neatness will suddenly come to them.

I was surprised to find this bit of nonsense uttered about English children instead of our own, for in that country one expects children to be bossed rather than be bossy. Maybe that is what is wrong there today: they are not teaching the hard truth that one must clean up the mess one makes.

In our own land, Mrs. Judith Krames, who is an American authority on the young, said about this English statement, in American phraseology easy to understand, "She's half baked." Then she added this truly remarkable statement, fruit evidently of pondering on the oddities of modern thinking on education, "People have got so confused giving children freedom. And freedom for what? For going crazy?"

This is perhaps not the involved and studious language of the trained child psychologist, but it is a breath of common sense in our sometimes too Dewey-clouded air. It strikes home to the puzzled parent who has been half convinced that if she even reproves Junior for his conduct she is going to blight his youth, make his marriage impossible, and maybe even affect *his* children.

I am very certain that few of our teachers would plump for this idea of disorder among the young in material things. I have never yet been in a school room, no matter how progressive, that does not look neat. Even if the education has occasional cobwebs, rooms don't. Teachers like neat rooms—and I am very sure they don't do the picking up.

Untidiness of Mind

MAYBE THIS will be the next step among those grown heady with the slogan of keep-the-child-free. He will not be asked to pick up things unless he wants to, just as he is allowed to learn to read when he feels ready for it. And last week I read another disquieting thing: blackboards may no longer be black as they now are. It is too unsettling for childish nerves to see so dreary a color, so brighter ones are suggested and since white chalk would then not show up well, there will be colors to harmonize. To my suspicious mind this is an idea compounded of two things—teachers too alert for the newest fad and persuasive salesmen and admen who dream up something new to hold their jobs.

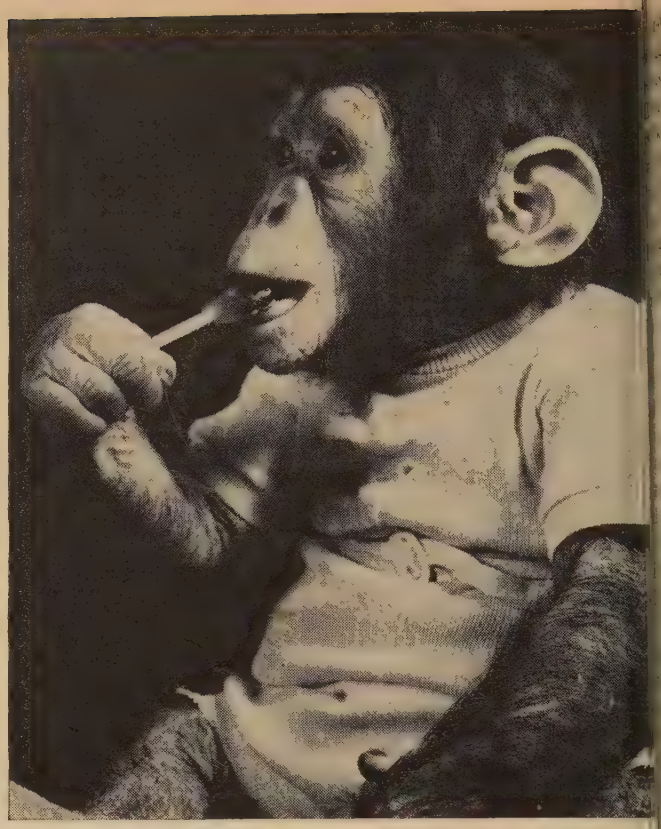
What we need is blacker blackboards, if anything, and tougher schedules and less pastel thinking. We need to realize that children should be taught, in the old, far-off way of saying it, to toe the mark.

Recently in the *Herald Tribune,* personnel managers wrote of the high school graduates who come to them for jobs that "practically none can do simple fractions or use a dictionary, because they are not sufficiently familiar with the order of letters in the alphabet, and many do not know how to spell." Some added bitterly that were it not for the many jobs at present open and the need to fill them, some of these graduates would have to wait a long, long time for a job.

Somehow this untidiness of mind ties up with an untidiness of surroundings. And now I am going to quote with joy some opinions of forthright American mothers on the latter subject. "When she'd got to be ten I told her I'd finished hanging up after her," said one, "and it worked." And another mother said even more simply, "I just didn't pick up after him. I kept after him." "The thing becomes such a habit they do it automatically when they are older. I've seen it work," said a third.

So even if schools no longer demand neatness of mind in the young, it is obvious that mothers demand neatness of environment. Now if they would only speak up in the halls of learning as well as in the halls of home, who knows what might come of it!

Al Collins. Is he radio's No. 1 disc jockey?



Heavy fan mail doesn't bother Mr. Muggs

RADIO AND TELEVISION

by ***JOHN LESTER***

Color and the Queen

The color TV situation is on the fire again. But I don't intend to go into the matter at any length here. This whole thing began very simply, but crosses and double-crosses developed until it's now pretty well scrambled. The only thing that can be said for certain for the future is that recent turns of events have hurried the coming of commercial color. It may now reach the market in a year or so, or it may be delayed indefinitely.

Either way, don't worry about it, because color will not make obsolete your regular black-and-white receiver.

If no definite date can be set for color, one can and has been set for the coronation of Queen Elizabeth II, of England, June 2. This will be one of the big broadcasting events of the year and will be radio-ed "live" to all parts of the world.

Television coverage of the coronation won't be "live," although it might have been. Films will be rushed aboard fleets of some of the fastest jet planes in the world for whizzing to New York and showing to America's millions of viewers only a few hours after being shot. They'll be developed in flight.

There was talk some weeks ago of televising the coronation "live," as you may remember, and many people even in the industry considered such talk a device for publicity hounds or crackpots.

Actually, transoceanic television isn't as far-fetched as it may have sounded and it's entirely possible that the coronation could have been picked up "live," although it would have cost considerable preparation and money.

The first transoceanic telecast, in fact, took place about twenty-five years ago when John Baird telecast a woman in his London studio so perfectly that she was completely recognizable in New York.

Two years later, the General Electric Company decided to top Mr. Baird and sent a picture from its Schenectady laboratories all the way to Australia and back in one-eighth of a second!

Museum, Monkey, Music

There is much promise for TV's future, in current negotiations being completed between CBS-TV and the Museum Of Natural History for the first regularly scheduled series to originate in the various rooms and exhibits of the Museum, making available to the viewing public at close range the many wonders of this outstanding institution. This looks like a first-class series, the educational and entertainment advantages of which it is impossible to estimate.

Until this series begins, which should be fairly soon, we'll have to content ourselves with the only thing reasonably new on TV, a stir being caused by a

r-old chimpanzee named "Mr. ggs," who is stealing the NBC-TV ies *Today* from under its human star, ve Garroway, and earning $250 a ek in the meanwhile. Garroway, un-noyed by the theft, says he won't be ppy until "Mr. Muggs" learns to de-r news copy while the program is in gress.

Personally, there are many things I'd her watch than a monkey but, judg-by Mr. Muggs' fan mail, many peo-would rather watch monkeys than ything else, which is their privilege. little boy in Roanoke, Va., for one, s watching the chimp perform so in-tly the other day his mother re-rked: "He knows how to do more ngs than you do, doesn't he?"

The youngster answered, without tak-his eyes off the TV screen: "Sure, 's been well trained and I haven't!"

On radio, more serious things are be-done and, as reported here several nths ago, the programming swing, t big, is to music of all kinds, par-ularly the classical and semiclassical. tistics show interest in classical music this country has leaped about 1500 r cent in the last ten years. It is this nd that radio is wisely following but, me predict, the trend is only begin-ng.

El "Jazzbo"

In this general field of music, specifi-lly, at the jazz level, there lives a irty-two-year-old devotee of the au-entic stuff named Al "Jazzbo" Collins, om several publications and millions New Yorkers consider the No. One sc jockey of the nation.

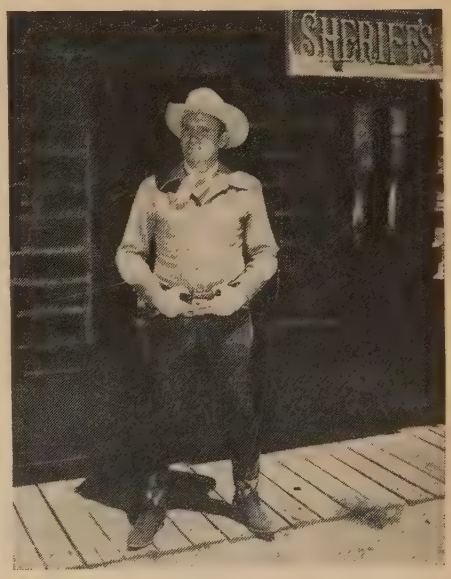
I can't go along with that, although llins must be considered the top man his specialized field, or close to the p at the very least. Bearded, a stocky 0 pounds, good-natured, easy-going, telligent, sensitive, Collins is the pro-ietor of one wife, one ten-year-old n, and several foreign cars, in addi-on to a sprawling collection of the best jazz recordings with which he delights steners to Manhattan's station WNEW.

If there is any simple explanation of s phenomenal success, it can be at-ributed to his love of his work and his orough knowledge of it.

A native New Yorker, Collins arrived WNEW via Salt Lake City, walked to the boss's office in beard, green ede shoes, a pom-pom bow tie, and lay n the floor for an interview. The boss ired him "only because I was afraid me other station might if I didn't."

In Brief

Publicity given the atomic bomb via elecasts of recent tests has created a urious demand for home Geiger Count-ers among various retailers handling this particular item. Prices range from $19.45 to $2,000. . . . TV casting directors are combing actors lists for chubby guys who resemble Malenkov for use on documentary and spy shows. . . . Keye Luke, "Charlie Chan's" No. One son for many years, inked for a Chinese disc jockey show in New York. . . . *The Sign Of Zorro* will begin filming for TV this summer. . . . Ed Gardner, long-time proprietor of *Duffy's Tavern*, spent so much time in Puerto Rico ducking high taxes on the mainland, he decided to stay there and go into politics. . . . A Bob Hope-Bing Crosby fan in San Diego is named Hope Crosby. Honest. . . . England's Queen Elizabeth is installing thirty-five TV sets in Buckingham Palace for her June Coronation, so the household staff can watch. . . . A west coast TV station programs wrestling at 11.30 A.M. for housewives, and another at 2:30 P.M. for swing-shift workers. S'help me! . . . All four major networks are now bidding for Harry Truman's services as a commentator, but CBS still has the inside track. . . . Thomas Mitchell would like to star in a "George M. Cohan Theatre Of The Air" from New York. Preferably on TV, of course. . . . Groucho Marx recently turned down another fat offer to appear in a night club with: "Any time a drunk can get bigger laughs than I'm getting, I don't want the job." . . . Shirley Temple ready to make a comeback via TV. . . . Jim Hope, brother of the comic, will soon publish the complete story of the Hope family, titled *Mother Had Hopes*. . . . Just for the record: When the Adelphi Theatre, from which Bishop Sheen does his weekly Dumont telecasts, reopened some time ago after changing its name from The Craig Theatre, its first show was *The Lord Blesses The Bishop*.



1. ***DANCING MASTER—Ray Malone, star of ABC-TV's "Talk of the Town," versatile and talented dancer and choreographer.***

2. ***HOLD THAT POSE—Neil Hamilton, host and emcee of ABC-TV's "Hollywood Screen Test," shows fledgling actor how it's done.***

3. ***TV's FIRST STAR?—Gene Autry made his TV bow in 1932 in a Chicago store window, demonstrating the wonders of television.***

4. ***"MAMA" AND PAPA—Peggy Wood and Judson Laire are parental stars in CBS-TV's "Mama," wholesome series on a Norwegian-American family.***

Photos by Harold M. Lambert

A city reveals not only material wealth but also educational, cultural, and medical resources

Good Old Big City

Is your dream a country home? Then you can have it! Says this man who tried it out. His best day was when he left. The city is full of such men

by HARRY SCHLEGEL

IT was late, the city room was nearly deserted, and Andy and I had some time to kill. Andy and I talked; the talk finally drifting around to the days when we were kids.

"I grew up in a small town," said Andy, "and, boy, there's nothing like it." A little condescendingly, he added: "'Course, you wouldn't know about that, coming from a big town. You really missed something."

I wasn't prepared at that moment for a definitive discourse on the relative merits of the small town versus the big city, so my defense consisted of a few feeble mutterings that my youth hadn't been entirely misspent.

"Yessir," nostalgically concluded Andy, as he reached for his hat, "that was the life!"

I thought about it on the way home in the subway. Lord knows, the subway at 4 A.M. is enough to make any man agree enthusiastically with the Andys. But still, I believed then and I believe now that the smalltown boyhood of song and story is probably another one of those myths we Americans love to create. We haven't originated one about big city boyhood, but an awful lot of people seem to thrive midst all the steel and concrete, and to like it, too.

I'm one of them, and frankly I'm not a bit unhappy that as a kid I tramped cement pavements instead of pine-needled woods, or fished for pennies through a subway grating instead of smelts through the ice.

In my time I've heard a lot of superior talk from these transplanted rustics. (Why, to hear some of them, we're all reformed juvenile delinquents here in the big town.) And as far as this native is concerned, I've had enough. And I'll tell you why. Because I've lived and worked in the sticks—and, brother, you can have it.

First, let's talk about my days as a kid. It seems sometimes to almost surprise these visiting-firemen-come-to-stay, but we even played games here in the city; games you might have heard of, like football, baseball, and hockey.

All right, so the football was actually touch-tackle, and we dodged more cars than we did guys on the other team. O. K., the baseball was really stickball, and the hockey a rollerskate version played on asphalt rather than ice. But does sport build character only in farm boys?

I'll admit that, come summertime, we couldn't walk down to "the ol' swimmin' hole," which is standard equipment for all small towns. (I've seen

e or two of them, by the way, but as always too polite to mention that y looked like oversized mudpacks.) , we just got on an open-air trolley, the elevated, and took a pleasant, minute ride down to the best swim- ng hole of all—the Atlantic Ocean. But all play makes even us city boys l boys, and you must be wondering we didn't have our counterpart of ratio Alger's barefoot urchin. You ow, that tiny but tireless tyke who, story goes, used to milk half a d at the age of six without taking eep breath. Why, sure we did. Only delivered newspapers, or shoveled w, or cut lawns, or pushed a cart- of groceries around after school. That was for shavers, though. Once got into your teens, you had the nce summers to pick up some kind steady job as an office boy or mes- ger. Big money in it, too, at least us—twelve, thirteen, fourteen dollars week. Enough, anyway, so that by time you went back to school you d maybe thirty, forty bucks socked ay.

There's another side, though, to grow- up in the city, and on this one I l brook no argument. I mean school. *insist* that we had better opportun- s for an education. There were tholic parochial and high schools, ich are few in small towns and vir- lly nonexistent in many areas of the untry. There were other private hools. And lastly, there were the pub- grade schools, like the one I at- ded. Better schools, according to the educators, than the hick-town variety, because the big-city school systems offer more in the way of material and professional rewards and therefore attract the best teaching timber.

Then there was high school. Most whistle-stops have one—like the place I'm going to describe to you. The more fortunate have two. In New York, there were academic high schools, commercial high schools, vocational high schools, private high schools, and Catholic high schools. I went to one of the latter.

When it came time for college, I picked another big town, Washington. I wouldn't even begin to pretend that I was any different from most other freshmen, and that I immediately assimilated all the historical and cultural advantages that Washington offers. But a little of the nobility and grandeur of our past did sort of seep into my consciousness (by osmosis, probably) because I was there, and I doubt that exposure to the higher arts in a rah-rah college town would have done as much.

After college, when I came back to New York, it was very nearly the bottom of the depression. But somehow, there was a job, and while it paid only $15 a week, they weren't Truman dollars. Fifteen dollars stretched then. It bought some of the theater, the opera, the movies fairly frequently. And the libraries and the museums—are there better in the country?—were still free.

The beaches were still there, the public-park tennis courts were yours

There may be no spring lakes nor wavy trees, but there is still sunshine, happiness, and crystal water, city-supplied, right at the front door

HARRY SCHLEGEL is a rewrite man on the staff of the *New York Daily News*. He has published sports and mystery fiction in various magazines.

for the playing, and a season permit on a municipal golf course cost $5. In short, it was all there then as now. And if you didn't have the money one week, it would all be there the next, or whenever the wallet was a little thicker.

But this piece never would have been written if I hadn't had a chance one day to go to work as a reporter and general editorial factotum in a little southern town. It was there that I got a close look at the life bucolic.

I think this town (let's call it Anathema, because that's what it was to me) gave me a wonderful opportunity to put this whole way of life under a microscope. It was a county seat of about 7,500 souls, set down in the midst of rich farm land. A pants factory with two hundred employees gave it a slight gloss of industrialism.

There were a few wealthy people, a few po' white trash, with most everybody else in the middle. There were five Protestant churches, one Catholic church served by a circuit-riding priest, two grade schools, one high school, one movie house, and a country club.

THERE were, in Anathema, several things to do. You could go to the movies. But if the picture was a turkey, you didn't go to the movies, unless you went to the next town, thirty-two miles away. You could play bridge, as a lot of folks did. Or you could drink, as most everybody in Anathema did.

This despite a beautiful fiction that nobody drank, because the law said it was against the law to sell strong drink. In theory this was fine, but also hypocritical. Because just outside the town limits flourished the roadhouses, serving the best of bourbon to the rich, the poor, and everybody in the middle. (With coke as a chaser, which should give you some idea of the respect these Confederates had for good corn whisky.)

I remarked on this limited field of entertainment about a month after I arrived in Anathema. "Oh, but go out to the country club," I was told. "You'll have fun out there." So that Saturday night, I went to the country club.

And what were they all doing, these people who'd had the very best of a smalltown upbringing? Why, they were playing bridge and drinking bourbon with coke chasers!

But surely it must have been friendly in Anathema, you say. That's what everyone says about small towns. If you mean that everyone said hello to everyone else, I guess it was friendly. But if

you mean that there was the warm spirit of acceptance and liking which I call true friendship, I say an emphatic *no!*

You had to come from Anathema to belong, and I came from New York. The fellows and girls of my age, in the mid-twenties, were civil, but not civil enough to ask me out to one of the barbecues or to a fish fry at the lake south of town.

You might point out that I'd only been there a few months, and that it takes more time than that. Well, let me tell you about the Ohioan and his wife, who'd been in Anathema for three years.

He was the manager of the largest supermarket; a hardworking, intelligent, cheery man. His wife, the mother of two children, told me she'd looked forward eagerly to the rich, full life the Anathemas of this world are supposed to offer.

"I'm still waiting," she said one day. "Somehow, we still seem to be looked on as transients. George has his work, and it doesn't seem to bother him much. But I'd like to be in a bridge club or the garden club. And it really hurts when the children come home from school and tell me about the big birthday party they haven't been invited to."

I FOUND that being a stranger hurt my paper. We were a daily, and the other two sheets were weeklies, staffed by local boys. After awhile, I caught on to the fact that some stories were being withheld from me, so that one or the other of the weeklies would get the first break.

One particularly good yarn concerned a Washington plan to build a dam not far outside of town. It meant a lot to the town, and we would have given it a big play. The Chamber of Commerce secretary was the first to get wind of it, and he gave an exclusive to one of the weeklies.

My boss jumped on me, and I didn't blame him. I decided to have a showdown with the secretary, a bland and paunchy windbag. He assured me solemnly that no offense had been meant; that he had intended to give me the story along with the weekly, but hadn't been able to get hold of me.

I didn't believe him, but I had to accept his explanation. But, as an old Chicago editor once said: "If you wait long enough, everybody is bound to pass under your window." I waited, and my man passed, about a month later.

His nephew got arrested in the town square one Saturday as a common drunk. That fact was to be duly noted in our Monday police roundup. About an hour before the paper went to press, Old Windy came steaming in.

"You're not mentioning my nephew's name, of course," he said, implying that we were all brothers in the lodge. Silently, I handed him a proof of the story, which merely recorded the tippling nephew's name, but made no mention of the family connection.

"Now see here . . ." he began threateningly. I got mad. I told him I could give it a lot different play, by putting nephew's name in the first paragraph, and dwelling at length on uncle.

While we were arguing, the publisher walked in, and listened both sides out. He decided we'd run the story as originally planned. I couldn't resist as the secretary lumbered out in a rage. "Remember the dam, Mr. Caldwell," said sweetly.

That was one pleasant moment Anathema. But the best was the d I got a wire from the editor of a pap closer to home, offering me a job. loved Anathema that day. I loved too, the day I climbed aboard a tra and turned for a last look as we sl out of the station.

And that's the way I want to r member Anathema, and all the oth Anathemas—leaving them! I don't wa to go back; I want to stay here, in t big city.

Matter of fact, I think most of t boys from Anathema feel the same wa Else why do they come to the big cit

COMMENCEMENT

by PATRICIA MacGILL

The broad world lay before me, yet afraid
I paused, half-hesitant, beside the gate
And childlike begged the rushing hours to wait,
Implored new life for flowers born to fade.
Protesting, yearning backwards, there I stayed,
When swift and sudden, courage through me flowed;
I knew myself a pilgrim on the road
By God first planned, by saints and heroes made.

O foolish fear! O greater Love divine
Which once, uncomprehended, lit our night,
Which gave the hungry living bread and wine,
Which looked on us with tender, human sight,
Now give me strength, now shine that I may see,
Now let me live, not I, but Thou in me.

THE GARDENER

by HERBERT A. KENNY

He could talk to flowers. Do you understand me?
He could talk to flowers, as I to you.
He could talk to flowers and they understood him;
And he could hear them talking, too.

Talking to him and to each other
Stalk to blossom and blossom to bud.
He could talk the talk of flowers,
And you thought nobody ever could.

I asked him if there was any word
That I might know that they knew too.
And he thought a while before he told me:
God, he said, was a word they knew.

MEXICO. Student from UNESCO center explains advantages of modern methods to fellow villagers

Mexican woman burdened by primitive methods is helped by UNESCO aides

A Catholic Looks at UNESCO

Photos courtesy of UNESCO

In 1531, an obscure priest began a program of education among backward peoples. In 1951, a UN counterpart revived his ideal

by ALBA ZIZZAMIA

IN 1531, Father Vasco de Quiroga settled among the Tarascan Indians of Patzcuaro, Mexico, and started an intensive educational campaign. He mastered such crafts as straw weaving, wood carving, ceramics, and copper work, then set up workshops and taught these skills to the Indians. He organized a market in Patzcuaro for the products of these industries and of the land, and the day he set, Friday, is still the market day for the region. He opened schools and founded a college. Four hundred years later, the Tarascans still have Masses offered for their beloved Tata (Father) Vasco, who became their first Bishop and lived and worked among them until his death at the age of 95.

In 1951, the Director General of UNESCO and the President of Mexico inaugurated in Patzcuaro the first international training center for fundamental education. When the inaugural addresses were over, a tall graceful Tarascan stepped up to the microphone and said: "We know and understand what you are doing . . . . Tata Vasco would approve."

The fundamental education program, which is perhaps the most appealing of UNESCO'S multiple activities, is geared to break the vicious circle of illiteracy, malnutrition, underproduction, and endemic disease in which more than half the world's people—roughly 1200 million—are still living as this jet-propelled twentieth century soars past the sound barriers. These problems have been the perennial companions of missionaries for centuries before and after Father Vasco's time. And while the missionaries have sought first the kingdom of God, they have labored to improve the material welfare of the people to whom they dedicated their lives. That is why the Tarascans knew what was happening the day of the great speeches.

Today these problems are being attacked through inter-governmental cooperation in the various UN agencies. UNESCO'S contribution is the fundamental education program, which aims to help these 1200 million human beings to understand the problems of their environment, give them the skills to solve them through their own efforts, and thereby enable them to attain living conditions befitting human dignity and decency. The subjects taught may seem very simple to the gadget-bred American—things like the advantages of sleeping in a bed instead of on the floor, of boiling drinking water, or of using a steel plough instead of a wooden one. But they spell the difference between sickness and health for over half the population of the world.

And when some of these simple things have been learned comes the equally simple desire to learn how to read and write.

No one country alone could assume the staggering cost of supplying the trained personnel and developing the suitable educational materials for such programs. That is how Patzcuaro came into being. It is the first regional training center for fundamental education "specialists" who will return to their own countries to train others.

PATZCUARO is typical of how UNESCO works in that it represents the joint effort of UNESCO and other specialized agencies, the Organization of American States, and the Mexican Government. The Mexican Government supplies the land and building and finances the maintenance of the premises. UNESCO fellowships cover board and tuition for the students. And the students' own government stands the travel costs. The first class of 30 students from nine Latin American countries graduated last December; it is expected that twenty countries will be represented by the spring of 1958. Patzcuaro was chosen because the fishing, farm, and mountain villages of the region offer conditions similar to those in which most of the world's "underdeveloped" populations live.

A second regional center has just been opened for the Middle East about forty miles north of Cairo. In addition, some forty-six fundamental education projects are in operation in seventeen states and territories. The techniques and educational materials developed at Patzcuaro, or in any one of the projects, are made available by UNESCO to any government requesting them.

But is this all that UNESCO is up to? What of the great wave of criticism that has been washing over it in recent months? What of the charge that it is unsympathetic to religion, that it is going to "dictate" to our schools, and that it threatens the Catholic school system? Isn't it subverting American loyalties, preaching world government, advocating birth control, and a number of other mischievous things? Strictly speaking, the answer to all of these questions is no. What is disturbing about much of the recent clamor is the way so many have managed to jump on the most unlikely bandwagons without bothering to see who is driving.

Briefly, the United Nations Educational Scientific and Cultural Organization, composed of 68 member governments, was formed specifically to work for peace by *creating understanding* among nations and peoples, *promoting co-operation* among them through education, science, and culture, and *collaborating* with member states *at their request* in the *development of educational activities*. Like the other Specialized Agencies, it has its own budget, its own Director-General and secretariat, and is the master of its own program, distinct from the United Nations itself. Many of the nations excluded from the UN by the stubborn Soviet veto are members of UNESCO, while the Soviet satellites have withdrawn. At the last General Conference, two international Communist organizations were dropped from consultative status.

In the very first articles of its Charter which was ratified by the U. S. Senate, UNESCO is pledged to preserve the "independence, integrity, and fruitful diversity of the cultures and educational systems" of its member states. It is expressly prohibited to intervene in matters "essentially within their domestic jurisdiction." In other words, UNESCO simply cannot "dictate" to the schools of any of its members.

Then how does it work out its aims and purposes? Thanks largely to the dynamic leadership of its Director General of the last four years, the Mexican Jaime Torres-Bodet, UNESCO'S program has been brought down out of the clouds and pinned more or less to eight concrete lines of action. Perhaps Mr. Bodet's greatest contribution is the development of the fundamental education program described above.

SECONDLY, UNESCO works for extension of education. Studies and surveys are geared to help governments extend free compulsory education, which may be an old story to us but not to a very great part of the world. Such surveys are made only at the request of governments, which are then free to accept or not the recommendations of the UNESCO mission. The programs developed as a consequence become obviously government pro-

LIBERIA. Hitherto isolated peoples are given adult education. Open-air classes are UNESCO taught and supervised

FRENCH WEST AFRICA. The Three R's seem to intri children whose learning is now UNESCO sponso

rams. Any relationship between them nd Catholic or other private schools re strictly a matter between those hools and the local government.

Also under UNESCO auspices, a number of studies are being made on such matters as the use of the local language n the schools of Africa and India (of onsiderable interest to missionaries), ethods of teaching reading and riting and subjects like the natural iences, especially where the teaching aterials are either quite primitive or otally lacking.

Sometimes it is a local initiative which NESCO recognizes and lifts to the international scene. For instance, a ioneering priest, Father Joaquin Saledo, has been so successful in the field f rural education by radio that he aught the eye and the support of the olombian government. Now under egotiation is a proposal that UNESCO, hrough its technical assistance program, elp extend this work with a view to eating in Colombia a regional train- ng center in the techniques of broadasting for fundamental education.

In the field of higher education and cientific research, it functions as an nternational information center. Under its auspices, various bibliographies, atalogues of documentation, multilinual dictionaries, etc., are produced in he fields of the natural, social, and olitical sciences. Studies have been ndertaken on subjects like the tensions roduced by industrialization, race relaions, and other group tensions.

Though still in embyro stage, UNESCO's research on arid zones promises to be one of its most dramatic efforts. This looks to the "reconquest of man-made deserts" where man's misuse of the soil, through ignorance and thoughtlessness, has helped the process of wind and water erosion and created wastelands of once rich and fertile regions. These wastelands are growing in Africa, Latin America, Australia, or, to use an example nearer home, in the "dust bowls" of the United States. UNESCO's program in this field includes making available the results of experiments going on all over the world, developing and expanding desert research stations, and research on plant species that might be used to check the march of the advancing desert.

NOT long ago a popular television program, featuring the life of Stephen Foster, opened with a fine dramatic touch, the picture of the worn little purse he had with him when he died. It contained exactly thirty-two cents, while the publishers of the music he had composed throughout his lifetime had reaped all the profits. This might well serve to illustrate another main line of UNESCO activity, the protection of writers and scientists and the preservation of their works. Among other things, this led in the past year to the drafting of an international copyright convention, designed to prevent pirating of works of art, sculpture, and music as well as literary and scientific works.

In the interests of the "free flow of ideas," still another treaty was worked out—and ratified to date by thirteen countries—which would eliminate customs duties on a wide range of educational and scientific material, to the tremendous benefit of teachers and students in dollar-short countries.

Bolstering all of these activities, which are but a sampling of the 500 odd items on the UNESCO program, is a substructure of fellowships and travel grants, international conferences and seminars on a formidable variety of subjects, and subventions to several international organizations engaged in some particular study or research. One of these is the International Catholic Child Bureau, which is working on early childhood education.

And last, but by no means least, is UNESCO's emphasis on education for living in a world community. This has given a bad case of jitters to those Americans who think it means world government. Actually, it is but a recognition of a historical fact. We do live in a world community. There is no vacuum around the United States. As the chief U.S. delegate expressed it at the last UNESCO Conference, "Our mission. . .must be to continue a relentless search to find better ways to educate people as citizens of sovereign states in a community of all mankind, preserving the values of diverse cultures and the

ALBA ZIZZAMIA, U.N. correspondent for N.C.W.C. News Service, recently made a study tour of U.N. Trust Territories in Africa. Miss Zizzamia has covered U.N. sessions both at headquarters and in Geneva.

DIA. UNESCO assists Bombay Social Education Committee. Here a woman examines a film made by herself

PAKISTAN. Political self-aggrandizement is enhanced by modern science and techniques

rights and responsibilities of national citizenships."

Is there nothing wrong with this picture, then? UNESCO, to be sure, as every human organization, is not without its defects and weaknesses, its difficulties and its mistakes. Like the UN and the other Specialized Agencies, it must deal with the complexities offered by the fact that it is composed of 68 governments reflecting widely different mentalities. Not only must it keep *them* happy, but also the various groups of educators, artists, authors, and scientists, whose work it is pledged to assist.

Like all the UN agencies, it is distinctly an experiment in family living for all the nations which belong to it. The last General Conference, in fact, bore some resemblance to a family squabble in the debate over the budget, which led to the resignation of the Director-General, Mr. Torres-Bodet.

UNESCO has passed the first stage in its growing-up process. What happens next will depend largely on the quality of the moral and intellectual leadership provided by the new Director General, the extent of the co-operation given him by the member governments, and the loyalty he wins from the secretariat.

WHAT of Catholic misgivings on the subject of UNESCO? They began with some justification when the first Director General, Julian Huxley, published a statement on the philosophy of UNESCO (for which the organization disclaimed responsibility), and it looked as if this brash international infant was setting out to redeem the world in blissful disregard of any previous efforts along these lines—Divine or human. Catholics also had historical reasons for being uneasy about professedly "neutral" organizations. Past experience has been that in the warm glow of their "toleration" they are generally "neutral" about everyone and everything except Catholicism. Neither can Catholicism be entirely satisfied with a universal brotherhood unless this acknowledges a legitimate Father, who is God, and not just another international organization. Then there is always the worry that secularism, science, and organization may seek to cancel out faith, hope, and charity.

What is the situation actually today? In the first place, UNESCO has learned a great deal on the policy level in the last six years. Just as its fundamental education experts in Patzcuaro are daily learning from the Indians they went to teach. It is perhaps significant that the Yugoslav delegate to the last Conference felt it necessary to scold UNESCO repeatedly, and with irritation, for being too susceptible to "religious pressures."

Catholicism is in the same situation on the international scene as it is everywhere else—on national and local levels—where it encounters other views and defends its principles with firmness and charity. Such encounters are inevitably a challenge.

The effectiveness of UNESCO's programs depends to a large extent on the methods and the personnel chosen to carry them out. Catholics as well as other citizens of the member countries have a right to offer constructive suggestions and criticisms.

Obviously, the array of studies, monographs, seminar and conference reports, produced under the aegis of UNESCO (but not representing its official views), are neither the last word on the various subjects they treat nor are they of even quality.

Views and conclusions are sometimes presented which Catholics cannot accept. For instance, birth control is currently the popular solution for population problems, in or out of UNESCO, in most non-Catholic thought. Again, a project like the "Scientific and Cultural History of Mankind" inevitably poses the problem of the basic philosophy of its editorial staff and some real, practical difficulties as to method. But all these scientific studies and works of scholarship are subject to evaluation. They are not sacrosanct. Before such an intellectual smorgasbord as this array of studies provides, if there is some one dish which is distasteful, it would seem more sensible to provide a better recipe than to condemn the whole table.

The Holy See last year appointed a permanent observer to UNESCO. Several international Catholic organizations are among those having consultative status with UNESCO. They are also associated in the Catholic Co-ordinating Center for UNESCO in Paris. At the last General Conference, there were Catholic priests on the delegations of five countries, including the United States. The chairman of the program committee of the conference was a Catholic Monsignor from Lebanon. One of the recommendations of UNESCO's Executive Board which the Conference adopted invited UNESCO, in its fundamental education program, to seek the co-operation of the voluntary (i.e., non-governmental) agencies, including the religious missions. As one UNESCO official observed here recently, "the Charter says we are working for the moral and intellectual solidarity of mankind. We cannot do that and ignore spiritual values."

The preamble of the UNESCO Charter begins ". . . since wars begin in the minds of men, it is in the minds of men that the defenses of peace must be constructed."

TWENTY centuries ago, Our Lord said to the Scribes and Pharisees: "For out of the heart come evil thoughts, murders, adulteries, immorality, thefts, false witness, blasphemies. . . ." (Matt. 15:19).

Catholics have the right to judge the end and the means of any organization with reference to their own basic principles. They also have the right and the responsibility—as the Holy Father has pointed out—to contribute the richness of Christian ethics and Christian charity to sincere efforts for international understanding and co-operation.

Communist Crazy-Quilt

IN Budapest, Hungary, the Communist Ministry of Construction ordered all staircase banisters to be equipped with large knobs to prevent youngsters from sliding down.

The Polish regime has forbidden illiterate peasants to sign their names with a cross, because of the religious connotation.

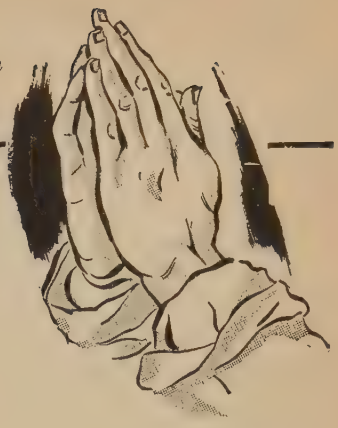
In Mecklenburg, Germany, Red authorities set a one-a-day egg-laying quota for hens.

The Hungarian Government has instructed all restaurants to serve at least five Russian dishes on the menu.

Among new names for perfumes produced in the Soviet Union are "May Day," "Jubilee of the Red Army," and "Svetlana's Breath."

The Moscow newspaper, *Izvestia*, denounced a scientist for putting sandals on limping pigs to improve their health.

—ALBERT D. SEARS



The Scourging

by **GERALD VANN, O.P.**

We may take the second sorrowful mystery as representing all the physical torture and agony which Our Lord had to suffer during the Passion; and, therefore, as one we might well have specially in mind when pain (but how contemptible by comparison, for most of us) comes to us in our turn. How ought we to meet it? It is right, of course, to take such natural remedies as are available; we are justified in resorting to painkillers; we may pray to be released from the pain. Where these are unavailing, we should try to meet it as an external enemy, fight it, and dominate it. But there is something much more than that for the Christian.

Our Lord's physical pain was part of His sacrifice; and His sacrifice fulfills all those innumerable sacrifices which mankind has offered through the world's history and in which the offerers have expressed their yearning for life, for divine life. Sacrifice, says St. Augustine, is the offering of a thing that it may be sanctified; and as the victim stands in place of the offerers, so it is to them that the divine gift is to come. The animal is slain, let us say, in the hope that this offering will be acceptable to the god, who will then in some way "enter into it," so that when finally the offerers communicate in the victim they may themselves receive this sharing in a divine life. First the offering, then the glorifying of the victim, then the coming of divine life to man. This pattern is fulfilled in the Passion, in the sequence of death and entombment, resurrection and ascension (glory), and the coming of the Holy Ghost; it is fulfilled in the Mass through the same sequence of offering and communion.

But the communion is the receiving precisely of the sacrificed Christ, the redeeming Christ; so that it is an invitation, not merely to rejoice in the reception of life oneself, but to go back to the world of everyday affairs in order to help, to share with Christ, in its redeeming. Wherever the Christian goes, bearing Christ with him, he should, with Christ, spread about him comfort and healing, love and joy. And how is he to prepare himself? Precisely by trying to make all his life sacrificial.

When the priest raises the bread and wine at the Offertory—the elements that are to be turned into God—we should identify ourselves with those offerings: our selves, our whole lives, personalities, gifts, joys, and sorrows; our whole world; all the things that go to make "life" for us and for our fellow men. We should offer them that they may be sanctified. And when it is Christ who is raised at the Consecration, we can make the same identification, praying that our lives may become part of the sacrifice of the Cross.

But "our lives" means all the events and incidents, all the joys and sorrows that come to us from moment to moment. (For joys too can be sacrificed, can be offered in order to be sanctified; you thank God for the joy, you realize that it is His gift, you will not cling to it in defiance of Him should He wish you to part with it. So it becomes part of your love and worship of Him.)

But Our Lord suffered. and it is the ready acceptance of suffering that is the greatest test of love, the deepest love-gift. Consequently, our own pains —or sufferings of any sort—have an especially important part in this idea of the Christian life as sacrificial. These especially can be offered that they (and we) may be sanctified; not, of course, with complacence or self-pity, not magnifying them or our own fortitude in bearing them, but humbly, trying to thank God that we have been able to share a little with Him but realizing very clearly how small a share it is, even compared with that of many of our fellow men.

If then, in that way, we put such pain as the day may bring us into the chalice at the offertory; and if, when the pain comes, we try in that way to make it a creative thing—not letting ourselves brood about it, or making speeches to God about it, but trying so far as we can to "take it in our stride" with a brief turning of our hearts to the Christ of the scourging—we shall be doing something of great value not only for ourselves but for others. We shall be helping to bring blessings upon the world.

IT is the recognition of this, we are to suppose, that leads the saints to go so far beyond the inescapable sufferings that come to them, so far beyond the needs of asceticism. Their longing is to seek out suffering, to share as fully as possible in the Passion, to be with Christ in the closest possible compassion: first, because that is what their love of Him drives them to, and secondly because in that way they fulfill also their love of mankind; they help as fully as they can in the healing of the world. If we in our small way try to meet our small pains and sufferings and troubles with some small measure of the same love, we shall not have suffered in vain.

TALL ON THE CROSS

by **LOUISE JUAREZ**

Strong. He was so strong!
The Man from Galilee.
It was not safe for Him to be
When weak men are a majority.
Tall. He was so tall!
The Man from Galilee.
It was not safe for Him to be
Taller than Priest or Pharisee.
They bound Him with funereal bands.
He broke them with His nail-pierced hands.
Upon His corpse they laid a stone.
He moved it with His breath alone,
Rose and stretched to Heaven's light.
So strong He was . . . Such was His height.

The shouts of the crowd were turning to boos as he tore the paper to shreds and flung it at them

the BIG man

LUSTRATED BY OSCAR F. SCHMIDT

by ***PATRICK S. TRAYNOR***

ED Run has had its moments. No one can very well deny that. For its cluster of lopsided company ises and its unpaved street, it has ed a bit of living in its day. To k at it, though, you might think that blanket of coal dust that covers the n has never been stirred by an angry ath or a hasty foot. The houses lean each other like tired old folk caught the rain, and the steeple of Saint eph's Church looks down on the le lot with a smug, sleepy eye.

You might find it hard to believe that l Run was the seat of the "trouble," ugly business with the collieries that scarcely mention even to this day, t not too many years ago there was ting on this quiet, rocky street when railroads and their black giants first an to chew up the laurel on our s and enslave us.

There have been moments to break r heart, moments when terror hid hind every bush, and a man was aid to go to work. There have been ck nights, like the night when Num- Five burned down with thirty-two our best inside. Yes, Red Run has l its moments; and it has produced men, men whose names are legends, n who were bigger, even, than the nking monsters that used them.

But all this is history. Today, Red n has mellowed. The same dust coats window sills and shingles, the same key barneys plunge the men down o the bowels of the earth every morn- , but the old hatreds are gone, the l fierce struggles have simmered wn, and the youngsters with good gs take themselves off to the city to e in houses shaded by trees and sur- nded by cement. Today, you can a job at the colliery, no matter how u spell your name, and the foreman one of us.

The old-timers doze in the sun outside e firehouse, their canes resting against e wall. When they wake, the talk is not of ambush and arson, but of the blasted Diesels that thunder past, hooting in derision. The only violence the town knows today is an occasional scuffle in one of our four saloons. Our cultural center is Dooley's barbershop, where Frank Dooley presides at every debate and waves his scissors with fearful emphasis. Today, Red Run appears to be no different from a thousand other upstate Pennsylvania patches. But it is. For you see, we have one big man left. It is about him that I want to tell you.

Father Pat Devlin has been our pastor for the last thirty years. In that time, he has argued, cajoled, and laughed us right out of our birthright. And we love it. It is impossible to escape the power of the man. Whether cleaning out an unruly crowd in the saloon, or umpiring our ballgames, or getting sarcastic with the school board, Father Pat is a fearless man of God. We, who scarcely remember any other priest in our green stuccoed rectory, look on him as the one who has ruled our town, fought our battles, bound up our wounds. And, although we often enough ran in fear from the lash of his Irish brogue, yet we love him as we love every stone in our church.

For most of those thirty years, Father Pat has run the parish himself, as faithfully as if it were the Bishop's seat. But now he has a curate, for, like Red Run itself, Father Pat has slipped some. He is in his seventies. He has diabetes; and he is blind. He has a bad foot that won't heal, but he still takes the hand of an altar boy and tours the town. He still roars from the altar with his old fire, and he is still as straight as a rail. We shake our heads sadly when he tells us, "My sight is not very good," remembering the times when we thought it was too good. We still quake, the oldest of us, before those sightless eyes, and feel very small. Yes, any way you look at it, Father Pat is a big man.

The day that Ted Francis' boy, Tommy, came back to Red Run, there were some who got it into their heads that we had another big man. Tommy is famous. Since he left us fifteen years ago, he has gone far. Everybody in the world, I guess, has heard of Tommy Francis. He has starred in more pictures out in Hollywood than you could shake a stick at, and, when he came back here to shoot some scenes for the story of his life, well, he caused quite a stir.

I suppose it was in the books that he and Father Pat would tangle. For, since Tommy Francis moved to Hollywood, he has changed more than his address. He is currently squiring his third wife, and, if we are to believe the papers, the end is not yet. Besides, he was not in Red Run twenty minutes before we found out that he had the strange idea that Red Run was his private preserve; whereas, most of us were under the impression that it was Father Pat's. In short, the two were as far apart as, well, Red Run and Beverly Hills, where Tommy had a couple of houses. No wonder that when he arrived with his cameramen and fifty other assorted characters, the whole town forgot all about the blasted Diesels for a while and turned out to see the fun.

THOUGH Tommy Francis' scandalous life had left a bad taste in our mouths, we had the band out for him, and the fire truck, for we always do the decent thing on occasions like this. And he seemed well satisfied, for he made a nice speech from Joe Gaughan's porch, to the effect that he remembered well when he ran around the back street in his bare feet and slept in his dungarees.

Some of us thought he needn't have mentioned such things. We still have a lot of pride, even though the collieries are working only two days a week and most of the grocery bills are on the book these days. However, I guess we were willing to overlook a lot for a Red Run

boy who had worked his way out of Big Yank dungarees into such elegant duds in fifteen years or so. In fact, he might have had a royal welcome, if he hadn't decided to put fake fronts on some of the houses for his picture, trying to make Red Run look worse than it was, which hurt plenty; and picking out the grimiest kids to run in front of the cameras. Altogether, I think we disappointed him.

The climax of Tommy Francis' invasion of Red Run was when he announced that he would lead an impromptu parade down to the rectory and present Father Pat with a check for five hundred dollars, which made us all give him a big hand and fall into line. Something happened, though, for when Tommy came out of the parish house, he just spat once on the ground, glared at the lot of us, climbed into his Cadillac, and that was that. Later, of course, we heard what went on. Katie, the housekeeper, must have written it all down and memorized it, for she could tell us every word that was spoken.

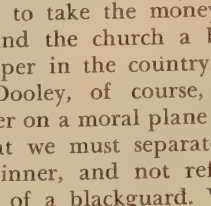
We might have known that Father Pat would refuse the money. He was like that. But what he told Tommy made us tingle all over. It seems he reminded him of the time when he was Father Pat's altar boy, and how it was a sad day when he left the town and got out of the dungarees that he slept in, and married three wives, and disgraced his dad and the Church and Father Pat. There was more, but the upshot was that Tommy bolted in a rage.

Things quieted down for a spell after that, until *The Road To Glory,* the story of Tommy's rise to fame, finally got to the Imperial in Coalville. Almost everyone who had the bus fare went to see it, and they all came back feeling pretty good about being citizens of Red Run, Pa., the birthplace of Tommy Francis. I don't suppose Father Pat would have gone, even if he could see, but many of us thought it was more than a coincidence that for two Sundays straight Father Pat's curate preached against the pagan influences abroad today, the magazines and movies that glorified money and loose living and sneered at honest toil and decent poverty. Somehow, we felt that young Father Lavin had got his orders.

JUST about June things really came to a head. That was when Tommy Francis sent a telegram to the Burgess, Jim Brogan, saying that he was coming up again. As if that wasn't enough, he added that he had a presentation to make from the proceeds of his picture. And he was going to make it to Father Pat. The next day, the papers came out with it. Tommy Francis had heard that the church of his childhood had been pulled from its foundation by the mines, that it was about to be condemned by the mining engineers. As a grand gesture from the heart, Tommy was going to come to the rescue of Old Saint Joseph's and its beloved pastor, the Reverend Patrick J. Devlin, with a check for $35,000. The papers acclaimed it as a noble gesture to a beleaguered community and gave it plenty of space.

The more thoughtful heads at the barbershop conceded that our old saint was on the spot. This was Tommy's revenge. For it was all too true about the church. Recently, a huge crack had appeared in the foundation wall. Our Lady's altar had dropped about six inches, and some plaster had fallen off in the corner. Father Pat had uttered threats against the contract miners who had been "robbing the pillars," as we say, beneath the whole town. But it would take money to fight them in the courts, and you couldn't do it with a thirty-dollar plate collection on Sunday. It certainly looked as if Tommy Francis held all the aces. Father Pat, it seemed, would have to take the money or give the town and the church a black eye in every paper in the country.

Barber Dooley, of course, put the whole matter on a moral plane by pointing out that we must separate the sin from the sinner, and not refuse even the charity of a blackguard. With emphatic waves of his comb, he went on to say how the good Lord Himself ate with sinners. To which I myself murmured something about the Pharisees being quite another thing. And so it went, every discussion ending with a "But *you* know Father Pat!"



Catch the Varmint!

▶ Like too many of today's younger set, the little girl was an avid TV fan. Unfortunately, the programs she watched were not subjected to parental censorship.

When a playmate spoke one day of her "Nanny," the little girl asked her mother why she didn't have a grandmother too.

"Your grandmother is dead," her mother said.

"She's dead!" the little girl exclaimed. Then, "Who shot her?"

—*Ruth McDermott*

Those who enjoyed the furore most, I think, were the oldtimers, th ancients of the town who sat in sun outside the firehouse and predic dire things with the coming of Diesels, and spat. To them, it wa glorious thing that Red Run sho again be in turmoil, and many a c was waved excitedly as they strove get Father Pat off Tommy Francis' ho

Meanwhile daily reports came of the rectory. Katie was mystified. ther Pat had taken the news sile and, ever since, had spent most of d day in his big chair, with the Rosary his gnarled hands, staring sightle at his bookcase. In better days, pastor would have thundered his ans across the dinner table at every m Instead, no word escaped his lips, each day found him more unsteady his feet. Such reports caused a shif opinion, and Tommy Francis' stock r

AT last the day arrived. An elabo stand had been built in front the honor roll, the fire truck had b polished all over again, and the b was out early to serenade the cro who came from all the patches arou The first move, however, came from rectory. About 10:30, the door flew op and Katie, thrilled with her sudden portance, came down the street, ap flying, to whisper to Burgess Jim B gan: "Father is coming down to stand! He says to get Lissie's big ch for him! Glory Be!" And, looking heaven for help, she rushed back.

When the best chair in town had b properly installed, all eyes turned the high road. The familiar string shiny cars was approaching. As the n photographers shuffled forward w the crowd, hardly a one noticed Fat Pat coming out of the rectory, lean heavily on his curate, and with the c of his worn cassock flapping about neck. He seemed even more feeble t usual, but his old biretta was fixed hrs head with a slightly defiant tilt, his shoulders were straight. When had mounted the stand and found place, he took off his biretta, and head came up, as if to sniff the bre The oldsters, gathered in a knot at firehouse door, nudged each other, shivered excitedly. Red Run was ing another of its moments. It was g to be alive to see it.

The photographers' bulbs begar pop in earnest, as Tommy Fra came forward on the stand to s Father Pat's hand briefly and tak chair beside him. Then the pre naries got underway. Everything greeted with roars of nervous appl Finally, Jim Brogan called for a words from Father Pat, a suggestion was greeted by a shout that must

wn the dust off the honor roll. The est inhabitants waved their canes l caps, and shook their heads to clear sudden mist that seemed to come oss their old eyes. Here was their mpion, no matter what was to hap-n. They knew he would do the right ng by the town and its memories. en they waited in anxious silence as old priest slowly rose and groped the railing. It seemed a long time t he stood there, a wisp of gray hair wing across his forehead, turning his d slightly, as if he could see the faces hered below him. Then he spoke. "My beloved friends." His voice was ak, but controlled. "I wish I could all of you. I would like to know at the last ten years have done to my ny, many friends. You have the ad-ntage on me; for you can see what years have done to me. But, thank d, I can still stand before you in my sock and collar and tell you what uld be done.

"Thirty years is a long time to be stor of one parish. I have seen most you grow up from young striplings to heads of families. I have had a hand the making of all of you. That is my ry. You know, there are many things an see without a pair of good eyes, ause there are many things here that er change. One of them is the town lf. Red Run knows how to hide its rs. Red Run is proud of what little has, and holds on to that jealously.

"One of the greatest possessions of s town is righteousness. We have ays stood for the right, whether it s against the mine foremen, or the ion bosses, or ourselves. And we have ays won. I think, somehow, that we ll always continue to choose the ht—that we will continue to win."

He paused, swayed a trifle, then ispered, "I am too tired to say any re."

HE sat down, amid a silence that gave way to a thunder of cheers. ly after order had been restored did n Brogan take a deep breath and roduce Tommy Francis.

When the movie star stepped forward his immaculate white suit, the meramen went to work, and with the se of long experience Tommy smiled them, waved his hand, and answered eir shouts for different poses. Then, dismissed them with a flick of the ist. The crowd blinked nervously.

"I am not going to make a speech," began. "I realize this affair is quite strain on Father Pat, and I am sure at it is an emotional strain on all of . It is not often that a man is ivileged in his lifetime to see all his eams come true. That privilege is ine this morning. Not too long ago,

The band was out early to serenade the crowds from miles around

I walked these dusty streets and dreamed of the time when I would see the never-never lands that lay just beyond the hill. Well, I did, and found that these fabulous places could be won with hard work, talent, and a determination to get ahead. Then I dreamed of coming back here and conquering, not your collieries and company homes, but your hearts, to lift you in some measure out of the poverty that plagues your lives. It gives me the greatest satisfaction to be able to help you, help you with a check that represents more than most of you ever saw.

"This check," and he suddenly drew it forth from his pocket, "goes to Father Pat for the church from a faithful son of Red Run."

Turning, he pressed the check into the priest's clenched hand and sat down to mop his brow. The crowd was as silent as death. Every eye was on that tiny piece of paper.

Slowly, Father Pat fingered the check, smoothed it out carefully, and coughed. Then he rose. It seemed like a long time he stood there, looking out into the tense silence. Then he lowered his head and seemed to be weighing the biretta in his one hand against the check in his other. Finally, in a tired, hoarse whisper, almost as if thinking to himself, he said,

"This is quite a moment. It hardly seems fair that such a moment should come to me now, when I am worn-out, and old, and blind, and haven't the strength to . . ."

His voice broke, and that was all the crowd could stand. A wail of sympathy went up from the women, and the old-timers stumbled forward.

Old Mark Daley was the first to reach the stand, and, brandishing his stick wildly, he roared, in a voice that used to set the mine mules moving,

"By God, we'll answer for you, Father Pat! Let him keep his filthy check. And 'tis his own father, that stood at my side for twenty years would say the same. We don't ever have to sell ourselves for the likes o' that!"

Then everyone was shouting at once.

Tommy Francis, at this sudden explosion, had turned livid with rage. He leaped to his feet and stared down for a moment at the battery of angry faces below him. Then he turned and snatched the check from Father Pat's fingers. The shouts of the crowd were turning into boos, as he tore the paper to shreds and flung it out at them. Seconds later, he was in his car, speeding away, but not before one cameraman had captured for his front page a priceless shot of the bits of the check floating down past the face of Father Pat, a face that wore just the hint of a tired smile.

THE Sign POST

by ALOYSIUS McDONOUGH, C.P.

Pagan Names vs. Christian

Why does the Church object to names that are not considered Christian, such as my own. At one time, weren't all names pagan?—A. W., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

As you say, had it been the practice of the Church, two thousand years ago, to insist upon Christian names, there would have been very few to go 'round. But by this time, the total of Christian names adds up to very many thousands. Before the beginning of Christianity, with the exception of names in vogue among the Chosen People, all names were pagan. But with astounding rapidity, previously pagan names became the names of Christian martyrs. A baptismal name should remind us of a Christian saint, worthy of admiration and imitation, to whose protection we are dedicated. We have searched diligently, but to the best of our present knowledge, Aurora is the name of a mythical and pagan goddess of the dawn and has never been dignified as the name of a saint.

Apropos of another inquiry of yours, we have sent abroad for information, but still await reliable data. Please do not feel too disappointed at the delay in replying to your several questions. Hundreds of inquiries are on the waiting list. It is impossible to cope with that list by way of private reply. As for published answers, a priority has to be given to topics of general interest, not recently covered.

In or Out?

In connection with the "Sign Post" for March, 1953 (page 64), I am confused. You seem to make the same claim for which the "Boston heretics" were condemned!—E. McM., BUFFALO, N. Y.

Apparently, in reading the "Sign Post" reply in question, you focused your attention so much on one statement as to lose track of another. Both statements represent Catholic teaching. The second idea is needed in order to understand the full and accurate meaning of the first one.

It is a point of Catholic faith that "outside the Church there is no salvation." At the same time, Catholic teaching—as voiced by the Vicar of Christ, Pope Pius IX—insists that a non-Catholic, whose ignorance of the one true Church is not *blameworthy,* can merit eternal life. Is it complimentary to God to assume that He will condemn the blameless?

As a matter of fact, a sincere, good living non-Catholic *does* belong to the Church, although only in an implicit way. The attitude of sincere co-operation, in the case of any such non-Catholic, amounts to this: "I am sincerely disposed, to the best of my ability and at all costs, to learn and to follow out the will of God." Can a more commendable attitude be imagined? That over-all attitude of sincere co-operation includes the desire and intention to embrace the one true Faith.

"Outside the Church, no salvation" means that there are only two kinds of non-Catholics who cannot be save those who recognize the one true Church and yet ign it, and those who fail to recognize it through their o fault, through blameworthy ignorance. Only those t kinds of non-Catholics are outside the Church *entirely.* the "Sign Post" reply you refer to, we stated in a balan way: 1) "Outside the Church there is no salvatio 2) "Sincere non-Catholics are disposed to respond to a co-operate with God according to their lights. Hen although unaware of the logical consequence of their g will, they belong to His Church in desire and inclinatio effectively, though not formally or fully."

To say that, at one and the same time, a person c belong to the Church ideally, and yet be outside the Chur completely, would be a contradiction. But there is contradiction in saying that a Catholic belongs to Church explicitly and fully, while a sincere non-Cath belongs only implicitly and partially.

The trouble with the "Boston heretics" is that they refu to admit such a thing as non-Catholic sincerity; they fi to make due allowance for ignorance that is not blam worthy. Pope Pius IX, while insisting that for salvati a person must belong to the only true Church someh or other, to some extent at least, warns us lest we so arrogant as to take it upon oursel to set limits to blameless ignorance.

According to an up-to-date dictionary, fanatic is a person who is excited by extreme and unreasoning enthusiasm zeal, especially in religious matters. might add that, oftentimes, another ing dient of fanaticism is at least a "pepp and salt" dash of pride. The "Bost heretics" are fanatics.

Out of the Question

How about enclosed clipping from AP Science Writer J. S., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

As usual, anything goes—to create a sensation. Accordi to headlines, a beginning of human life was observed unc a microscope. But the rest of the writeup merely descri a laboratory experiment, during which scientists obser the activity of male and female cells—the physical fact which contribute to human life. No assertion was made t a new creature resulted from the merger of male and fem elements. Hence, it was not claimed—by the scientis that a human life was started.

You inquire: Let us assume that a human life actually begun under the conditions described. Is it cor to assume that such a creature has an immortal soul? it morally wrong to conduct such experiments?

We cannot assume that any such creature would human. If it were human, it would have an immortal so But only the Creator can endow a creature with a hun

soul. Male and female cells are only material. To claim that material elements could beget a spiritual soul would be scientific bosh. The teaching of the Catholic Church that human souls are created by God and by Him assigned to human bodies is very well bolstered in the Scriptures. For example, turn to the seventh chapter of the Second Book of Machabees. The mother who, with her seven sons, was about to die rather than deny their faith, declared: "I neither gave you breath, nor soul, nor life, neither did I frame the limbs of every one of you—but the Creator of the World." In his comment upon the Book of Ecclesiastes, (XII:7), St. Jerome says: "Hence, they are surely to be laughed at, who believe that the souls of men are begotten with their bodies, and are generated not by God but by the parents of their bodies. For since the flesh reverts to dust and the spirit returns to God who has given it, manifestly the Father of souls is God, not men." When the Immaculate Conception of God's Mother was announced infallibly by the Vicar of Christ, Pope Pius IX, His Holiness declared that the soul of the Blessed Virgin Mary was free from all taint of original sin, from the first instant of its creation and infusion (by God) into the body. Hence, the creation of the soul and its coupling with the body were not the accomplishment of Joachim and Ann, but the work of God, directly and exclusively.

Is it morally wrong to conduct such experiments? That depends. It is wrong, if scientists be prompted by a futile urge to accomplish what only God can do—to produce a human soul and with it to animate a body, or if their methods of obtaining male and female cells be in conflict with the laws of Nature and Nature's God.

Can Do?

A Catholic and an unbaptized non-Catholic were married before a justice of the peace. Their child, now an adult Catholic, would like to have his parents' marriage rectified, so that his mother can be reconciled to God through the sacraments. Can this be done? And without fanfare?—R. F., San Diego, Calif.

By all means. If both parents be willing, there is no reason why this merely civil marriage cannot be rectified in a Catholic way. As for fanfare—that word is misleading. Even in the case of a mixed marriage with permission of the Church, the usual banns of matrimony are not announced. However, if it be known publicly that the marriage of this couple had never been approved by the Church, it is only fair to all concerned to publicize its correction. Otherwise, all concerned would be embarrassed anew. The best way to silence wagging tongues is to do the right thing, even though tardily, and to let the neighbors have an up-to-date knowledge of the facts. That sort of publicity can be accomplished quietly, without marriage banns or newspaper notoriety. The old saying is not without equity: What we have not been ashamed to do publicly, we should not be ashamed to admit.

Misunderstanding

If I misunderstood you, accept my sincere apology. Under "Wolves" in the March "Sign Post," you made a statement that is trite and, in my opinion, ignorant.—R. C., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Your apology accepted. You did misunderstand. We did not say that a Catholic sins, necessarily, by associating with non-Catholics. We said that the association of Catholics with non-Catholics is sinful *to the extent* that the Catholic Faith may be thereby endangered. We included wobbly Catholics, too, as a danger to the Faith. But it does not follow, as you allege, that we denied all men to be created equal, or that we recommended the spurning of Protestants and Jews. We agree with you—there are many fine non-Catholics in the world. Under "Wolves," reread our tribute to them and our indictment of unrepresentative Catholics, and you will feel pacified.

Meatless Day Privileges

In these days of frozen foods and deep freeze, isn't it ridiculous that in certain areas of our Southwest, the Church's laws of fast and abstinence do not have to be observed?—C. L., Colorado Springs, Colo.

Until rather recently, the Church's law of abstinence did not bind the faithful in certain areas of our Southwest, and in Central and South America. However, the law of fasting did bind them. Fasting has to do with the quantity of food; abstinence, with the quality—with reference to meat and meat products. But in the vast majority of those areas of the Americas where the " meatless day privileges" were permitted, the law of the universal Church is now in force. On the days specified, both residents and transients must conform to the law.

As for the privileges so long enjoyed, there is more to be considered than the scarcity of foods which would serve as a substitute for meat. Most of the settlers in those areas were descendants of Spanish Crusaders. The Crusaders were granted a dispensation from the law of abstinence, not only because of wartime conditions, but also as a reward for their co-operation in the holy wars for the recovery of the Holy Land and for the protection of Christian Europe. Throughout the world, especially in wartime, the laws of fast and abstinence are relaxed very considerably for all military personnel. In certain areas of Europe, the meatless day privileges of the Crusaders are still to be enjoyed. However —aside from hardship circumstances — the over-all tendency is to re-establish among all the faithful a normal spirit of penance and self-control. To cater to minority privileges without up-to-date reasons can weaken the morale of the majority.

To Be Avoided—Extremes

Must we believe in private revelations? Can we believe the promises listed in some private revelations—for example, that in return for fidelity to specified prayers, fifteen relatives will be confirmed and preserved in God's grace? —C. B., Dunmore, Pa.

For a long time, the expression—"a middle of the road" policy—has been familiar. It is an apt expression for putting across the idea that any prudent, advisable course of action should avoid excess. In the same sense, we speak of the "happy mean" which is midway between extremes. The moderation which steers a middle course between being too liberal and too conservative can be applied to dozens of human problems—from diplomacy to diets.

Of all the fields of human activity wherein a due moderation should be observed, the sphere of religion is outstanding. Heresy—an error in Catholic faith or morals—is a clearcut case of going to extremes, of insisting upon less or more than we should believe. It is unfortunate, but nonetheless typical of human nature, that many people are prone to the extreme called religious skepticism, while others are prone to the opposite extreme of being gullible. The latter sort of person is easily "taken in" and falls prey to most any "get rich quick" scheme. The former type of person is so distrustful that his mind is closed tight against evidence. Neither type of extremist "has the makings" of a scholar or of a saint.

When we Catholics speak of *public* revelation, we under-

stand thereby a message revealed by God to one or more individuals, for the benefit of the universal Church, for the world at large. The only cases of public revelation are the Holy Scriptures and Tradition. By private revelation, we mean a message revealed by God to an individual, chiefly and directly for his benefit or for the benefit of a few others also. The fact that the entire Church may be edified by such revelation does not make it a public revelation.

All are obliged in conscience to believe God's public revelation. The only ones obliged to believe a private revelation are those to whom it was made and for whom it was directly intended. Although others should not despise a private revelation, they may—if they think best—maintain a neutral attitude. The Church's approval of such revelation indicates merely that there is nothing in conflict with Catholic faith and morals.

It is a human mystery that people who seem otherwise well balanced are inclined to stake their salvation on the recommendations to be found in a private revelation, and at the same time to bypass the obligations imposed by public revelation. A symptom of that brand of "piety" is the behavior of some who "haunt" the shrine of a favorite saint but snub the Real Presence of God in the tabernacle. So, too, the wooden-headed faith of those who *fear* to omit prayers recommended in a private revelation, or whose interpretation of "revealed promises" does not gee with God's public revelation.

According to the infallible teaching of the Church, as expressed by the Council of Trent, no one—without a special divine revelation to that effect—can be certain of his eternal salvation. Furthermore, the grace of God which is essential for salvation can be lost. Hence, the grace of God and eternal salvation are not guaranteed unconditionally, by the cut-and-dried recitation of any prayers—without due regard to a consistently virtuous life. Since that is true of every individual, all the more so of "fifteen relatives." The grace of God, which is a gift of divine mercy, is not dispensed to us according to any "slot machine" methods. To believe so and hope so is superstition and exposes honest-to-goodness religion to ridicule.

"Sign Post" Files

Every now and then, you urge us to file the "Sign Post"—a good idea for reference—but that means ripping up my copy of The Sign. *I like to circulate it among the neighbors intact. Why not reprint the "Sign Post" once in a while as a permanent book?*—D. M., Scottsville, N. Y.

Off and on, we have recommended that the "Sign Post" be filed for future reference. Incoming questions are all but countless. Many inquiries call for a repetition of what has been already published, even recently. Preference should be given to new topics. But even for the purpose of filing the "Sign Post," it is a pity to mutilate your copy. And if you give it away intact, you have to do without. Perhaps your suggestion is worthwhile. We would be interested in the opinions of "Sign Post" readers.

No Yardstick

Whenever a member of our family dies, for the repose of his soul we provide the thirty-day Gregorian Masses. But we do not have any later, anniversary Masses. Don't the Gregorian Masses suffice? Can there be any doubt that our relatives are in Heaven? We pray for them daily.—M. D., Pittsburgh, Pa.

If we could be absolutely certain that our relatives are in heaven, it would be unnecessary to pray for them. There is solid reason to hope that the thirty-day Masses, coupled with the intercession of Saint Gregory, will liberate a soul from Purgatory. On the score of efficacy, one Mass could suffice to empty Purgatory. However, we do not know the precise benefit that a soul in Purgatory receives as a result of the Mass or other suffrages. That depends upon the good pleasure of God. On the one hand, you have by no means neglected your departed relatives; on the other hand, it would not be out of order to include them in your prayers indefinitely.

In Ratio to Gravity

Is there any limit to a priest's power of absolving sin in the confessional?—M. K., Chicago, Ill.

In emergency circumstances, any priest may absolve from any sin and from any censure or penalty attached to grave sin. Aside from such circumstances, the absolution of a sin or of a penalty such as excommunication may be reserved to the bishop of a diocese, or even to the Holy See. The purpose of this restriction is to impress upon the guilty a realization of the special gravity of certain sins committed; it is intended also as a deterrent against the commission of such sins. Typical examples are the case of murder called abortion and the attempted marriage of a Catholic before a non-Catholic minister.

Infant Angels?

Please answer these questions for our study club. a) Did God create all the angels that ever will be, at the beginning of time? b) if angels are spirits without bodies, is the notion incorrect that, when children die, they become angels? c) Why the Mass of the Angels at a child's funeral?—E. M., Copake Falls, N. Y.

a) As far as we know—yes. b) Incorrect; an infant is a human being as much so as an adult—that's why abortion is murder; human nature supposes a body as well as a soul. Pictures and statues that feature baby-size angels can be as misleading as angel wings. To refer to very young children as "little angels" is only a figure of speech to suggest the idea of their innocence. c) A child who dies before the age of reason and responsibility does not need our suffrages. Hence, the Mass of the Angels is not necessary, nor is it customary everywhere. A funeral Mass on the occasion of a child's death is rather by way of consolation for bereaved parents; the Mass of the Angels is appropriate because the infant enjoys the company of God and His angels.

Catholic Camps

I would like to place my children for the summer in a camp under Catholic auspices. How can I get reliable information?—R. K., Toledo, O.

The 1953 *Directory of Catholic Camps,* countrywide in coverage, is now available at $1.00, at the Office of the National Catholic Camping Association, 1312 Massachusetts Ave., N. W., Washington 5, D. C.

"The Sign Post" is an information service for our readers. Letters of inquiry should be addressed to "The Sign Post," c/o THE SIGN, Union City, N. J. Inquiries should pertain to the faith, practices, and history of the Catholic Church. Inquirers should identify themselves by giving name and address. Anonymous letters will be disregarded. Questions are not answered by private reply. Personal problems of conscience—especially marriage cases—should be referred to one's pastor or confessor.

A LOOK AT THE WORLD . . . BY ANITA COLBY

Ah, Men, the Poor Dears!

I INTEND no disloyalty to my own sex, but there has been so much agitation in some quarters for equal employment rights for women lately that I decided to examine the situation.

The results surprised me a little, dismayed me some, and gave every indication that the phrase, "A man's world," is a hollow one that's getting hollower.

I found that today's man is not only running what appears to be a losing race in job competition with today's woman, which I expected, but he's having more and more difficulty landing certain types of jobs in which he once enjoyed complete and even "closed shop" superiority.

This I didn't expect.

Man still has more than an even chance to earn a good living in the arts and sciences—women have made tremendous inroads here, however—where competition is usually on a strictly individual talent and aptitude basis.

The field of politics is also pretty much reserved to the male—women have also made tremendous inroads here in the last few years—since most women admit they'd rather vote for a man.

In professional sport, man is king of baseball and the so-called "contact" sports of boxing, football, and hockey.

In the broader brackets of business and industry, however, in terms of millions of jobs, men are being supplanted.

A careful check of a cross-section of employers of labor indicates that men are ruled out for positions in which a choice is possible because they ask higher wages, are less patient, less polite, less courteous, manually less dextrous, and in official language, "constitutionally not as well fitted."

Take the telephone operator classification.

There are now hundreds of operators in every American city of size. Originally, operators were exclusively boys and young men, but they were evidently vainglorious and pettily proud and rapidly acquired the reputation for telling parties who complained of wrong numbers, etc., where they could go if they didn't like the service.

Things got so bad the continuance of a vital public utility was in jeopardy.

Girls were tried as a solution and their voices were so much easier on the public's nerves, their manners so much better, that the lads were fired, more girls hired and, today, they are not only firmly entrenched but the telephone is practically a symbol of "the eternal feminine."

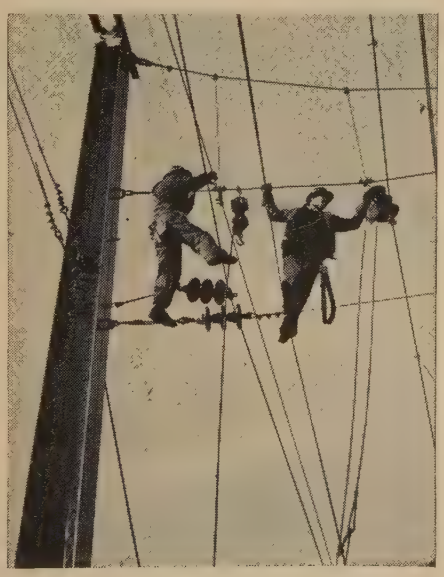
Two other employment doors closing to men are those leading to jobs as transportation stewards and waiters—on planes, busses, trains, and boats.

Only a few top restaurants still prefer men waiting on table. The smaller, less costly and more numerous spots, the hash-houses, the quick-lunch counters, and the corner purveyors of those sizzling American institutions, the hot dog and the hamburger, use women almost exclusively.

Employers argue that, in addition to being less expensive and more polite than men, the girls are also much, much more decorative.

In the general business field, men rarely get the nod any more when secretaries, stenographers, receptionists, sales workers, or bookkeepers are needed.

If you will exclude the rather small group of male nurses, the tremendously important nursing profession is another all but closed to men.



No female competition here!

Consider, too, that men are almost entirely ruled out as teachers in elementary grades and as baby-sitters.

(Baby-sitting is now big business and agencies specializing in "sitters" are springing up all around the country.)

In industry, men are thumbed out as coil winders, condenser winders, light bench assembly workers, in the preparation of fruits, vegetables, fowl, and meats for canning; candy dipping, processing, and handling; laundry workers, and all lightweight garment duties in this nation's vast "needle trade."

Men can't get so much as their noses in the cosmetics and fashion fields, except for a few executive positions.

They are also practically barred from the home economics and market-consumer research fields.

Just so we won't be accused of neglecting the writing profession, let's look around there a little bit, too.

This is a calling in which man was once all but supreme, particularly in journalism in the early, blood-and-thunder, knock-down-drag-out days of editors like Pulitzer, Greeley, and James Gordon Bennett.

Then, along came the first newspaperwoman—a "sob-sister" they called her then—a girl named Nellie Bly, and, today, women are plentiful in "The Fourth Estate" and there are several departments on plenty of major American daily newspapers that won't consider a man under any circumstances.

Women appear in practically all departments of magazines, too, and are more than holding their own in the book publishing business.

Most important, as queen of the American home, women direct more than 90 per cent of the nation's spending and control nearly 80 per cent of its cash and corporate wealth!

So who needs equality?

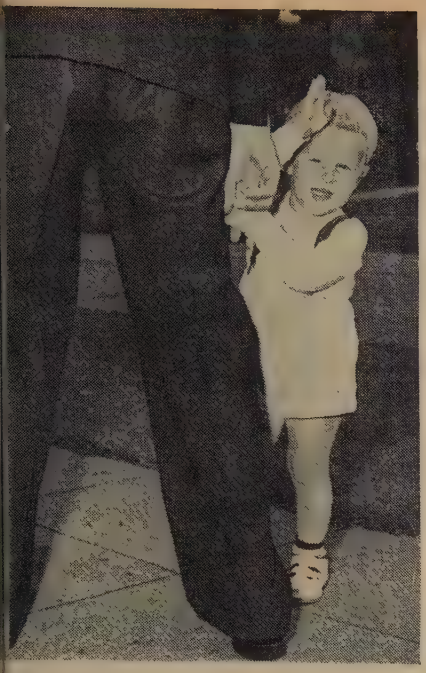
Who wants it?

Heaven forbid, though, that men, those poor dears, should lose out altogether.

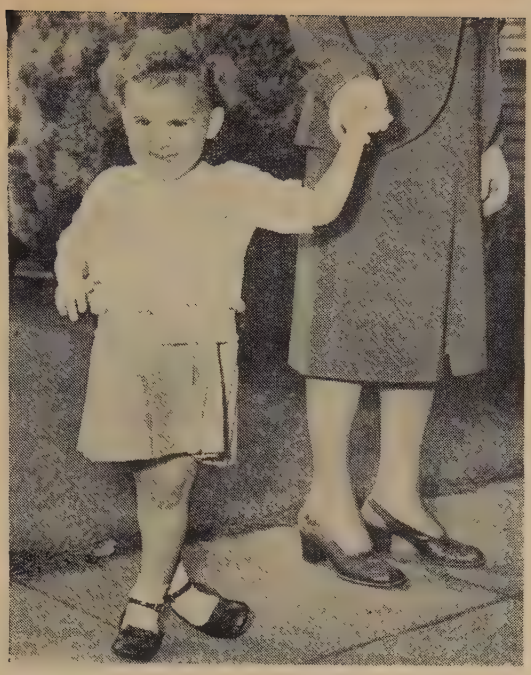
Romance in the Spring

A coy look, a ready smile fooled Junior, as they have so many other young Lotharios

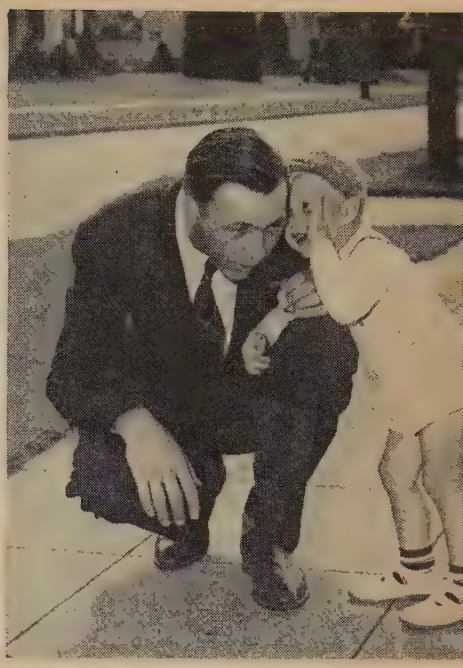
1. Oh! A new neighbor. A cute little eyeful, too. She'll be a change from the local flossies who take a guy for granted and don't appreciate a ride on his scooter. Hiyah!



Junior! Junior! Aren't you essing just a bit?



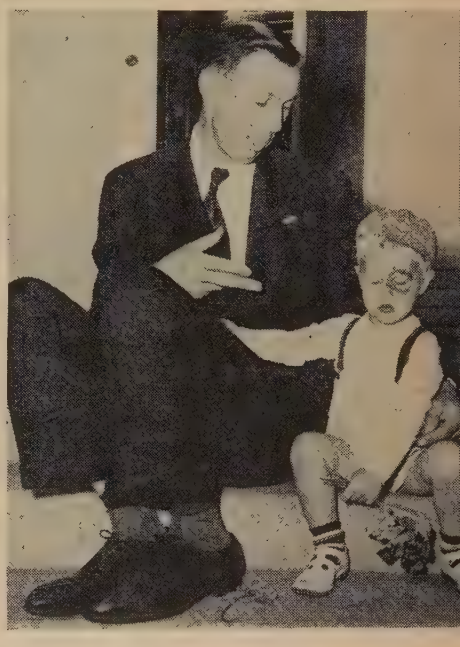
3. *Maybe not. Looks like she is on the make.*



4. *"As one wolf to another—watch me go to town!"*

The opening gambit. "Say it ith flowers."

6. *"I'll have you understand I'm a lady. Take that!"*

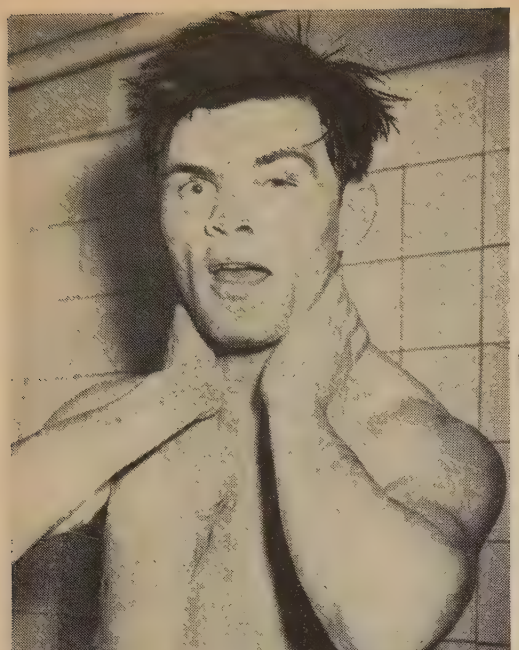


7. *You have to get used to it, Pal. They give you the come-on, and then they start to play hard to get. But don't feel bad, there are other dames in this man's world.*

What could be more fascinating than the budding of young romance in the spring? The young green tendrils sprouting on every side emphathe fact that spring is the logical time to cast aside old patterns and ore the possibilities of intriguing new faces and make new friends. etimes we adults are too bashful, self-conscious, and fumbling when mes to actually accomplishing such a great social achievement. But with ldren it is different. They are not troubled by carefully nurtured inhibis; iron-bound customs are unheard of. Though young, they quickly unaffectedly learn the little tricks of acquiring new friends. There danger, as the young man above discovered, of trying to rush things.

A SIGN PICTURE STORY

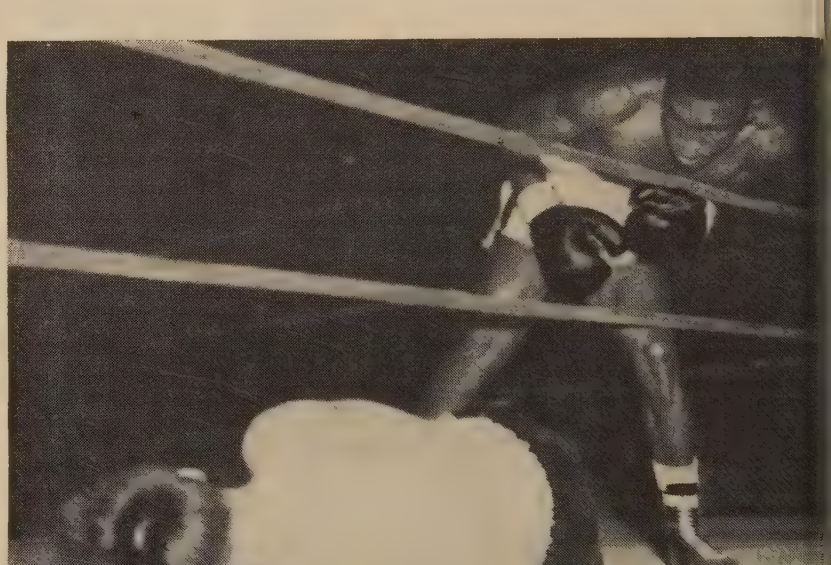
Photos by Eric Wahleen



Tommy Collins. He showed raw courage unsurpassed in the annals of fistiana

SPORTS

by
DON DUNPHY



One of the ten knockdowns. Though outclassed and thoroughly beaten, Collins received no mercy even from his handlers

BOXING, the so-called "manly art of self-defense," took a long step back into the Dark Ages on the occasion of the recent Jimmy Carter-Tommy Collins lightweight championship battle at Boston late in April. The "bout," referred to in newspaper headlines as the new Boston Massacre, was one of the worst in boxing history and certainly the most disgusting this observer ever had to broadcast. It didn't end in tragedy, which was a miracle, but if it doesn't do the sport of boxing irreparable harm, that will be a miracle too.

It is not our intention to recall at this time the bizarre and disgraceful circumstances of the third and fourth rounds of this "contest," but since this is the first opportunity we have had to write about the struggle and since our feelings are so strong, we will make these comments.

For once in a stormy aftermath of a prize ring explosion, no iota of blame has attached itself to the principals. In successfully defending his title with a fourth-round kayo, Jimmy Carter did what he was in there to do, his best. Outmatched and outgunned, through no fault of his own, Tommy Collins, the Boston home-bred, did his best too, and in arising from knockdown after knockdown and coming back for more, and getting it, as Carter's fists thundered home, he showed courage unsurpassed in the annals of fistiana.

Yes, no onus for this thing attached itself to Carter or his handlers, or to Tommy Collins, but others are to blame for this terrible exhibition witnessed by millions on television and heard by millions more on radio. The referee, Tommy Rawson, an ex-fighter himself, was the most culpable in permitting a fighter under his jurisdiction to be floored again and again, beaten almost to a pulp, arising groggy and almost senseless from the later knockdowns, and for permitting the fighter to careen unsteadily in the direction of his opponent's poised fists. Rawson stood by and counted while Collins was blasted to the canvas seven, yes seven, times in one round and three more times in the next. All this while, most of the more than 12,000 Collins rooters booed and begged that the fight be stopped. Finally, after the tenth knockdown, while Rawson was counting away, Collins' handlers got the idea and jumped in the ring to end the fight. They should have done a lot sooner.

But the referee wasn't alone in th responsibility for this sickening thin The commission doctor sat idly l through all this and made no mov He didn't even bother to examin Collins between the third and four rounds. And he made no move durin the three knockdowns of the nex round.

And where were the boxing commi sioners while this slaughter was goin on? No one seems to know. They mad no move to stop it. They finally pu in an appearance the next day whe they met and absolved the referee o all blame.

Boxing has been, is, and always wi be a prime target for the reformer If it is to survive as a sport, it mu be kept clean and regulated well, withi

self. Unfortunately, boxing will always e hurt more from within than from ithout, of which the Boston case is n example.

Fortunately, this is an isolated case at nauseated the real boxing people. ncidents like the Carter-Collins scrap re rare, and the comments of New ork Commissioner Bob Christenberry nd of George Barton, President of e National Boxing Association, show ow distasteful such goings-on are to em. Unfortunately, it was a black ye to the innocent as well as to those t fault. Let's hope that it never hapens again and that the sport of boxing ay profit and learn from this hard exerience.

An All-Time Great

When the Spiked Shoe Club of the ew York A. C. elected Judge Jeremiah . Mahoney as its President for 1953, called to mind the fact that here is ne of the great personalities of the wentieth century, for in a career encompassing more than fifty years as n athlete, sportsman, and public ervant, Mr. Mahoney has made an ndelible imprint on the life of New ork City and in a lesser degree on the ntire country. And now, as a very igorous and youthful seventy-four-ear-old, he is looking forward to a ood many more years of useful enleavor.

Judge Mahoney, some time ago, was onored as one of the all-time great thletes of the College of the City of New York, but the city itself might ust as well have honored him as one f its all-time great citizens.

A graduate of the public schools of New York, the future Judge early made is mark as a student and as an athlete t C.C.N.Y. In the latter field, he was star broad and high jumper and was lso a member of the baseball, football, nd lacrosse teams.

Always an exponent of clean living nd hard work, young Mahoney applied imself equally hard to athletics and o the more important struggle for existence. How much of a struggle it as can be seen from the fact that e started as a stock boy for $2 per eek, for which he worked more than en hours a day. But the hard work, ar from hurting, actually helped him y laying a solid foundation to a onderful life.

Young Mahoney early chose the legal rofession and to that end worked for nd received degrees of A.B. from City College, LL.B and LL.M. from New York University, A.M. from St. Francis Xavier College, and LL.D. from Lincoln University, Tennessee.

In an athletic career of more than eleven years, Jerry Mahoney won places in almost every event in track and field, in tennis and other sports. He once led an amateur baseball league with a .436 batting average and competed four times in the A.A.U. decathlon. He was a member of the United States Olympic team in 1904 and 1908 and qualified for, but did not compete in, the 1906 games.

Always a fighter for principle and for what he believed right, Judge Mahoney, as President of the A.A.U. in 1936, was the spearhead of a fight that split the organization down the middle, and though he lost his gallant battle, time soon proved him right. You may remember that the 1936 Olympic Games were scheduled for Berlin, Germany. Judge Mahoney didn't feel that this country should send a team to these games because he believed that everything the Nazi Government stood for was a contradiction of the ideals of fair play which the Olympics stood for. He was defeated in his attempt to have the United States blacklist the games, and in protest he resigned all his Olympic offices. He received vindication the following year when he was swept back into the presidency of the A.A.U. in a stormy convention. He then showed his sagacity as well as his good sportsmanship by appointing Avery Brundage, his erstwhile opponent in the policy fight, as chairman of the International Relations Committee. The following summer, Brundage's Committee vetoed participation in a German track and field meet by an A.A.U. team.

The public offices held by Judge Mahoney in his long and useful career are far too numerous to list in their entirety, but we can mention a few of them. He has served as Justice of the Supreme Court of the State of New York and Chairman of the Board of Judges of the First Judicial District, Judge of the Court of Special Sessions, and Deputy Police Commissioner of New York.

He was at one time Chairman of the New York Regional Labor Board, a member of the New York State Banking Commission, and a member of the New York Board of Education.

During the war, Judge Mahoney served on the First Enemy Alien Hearing Board.

A Regular Democratic candidate for Mayor of New York City in 1937, he was defeated by the incumbent, Fiorello LaGuardia.

Spiked Shoe Officers: James Rafferty, Vice President, Judge Mahoney, President, John L. Flood, Secretary, and Henry Dreyer, Treasurer

A Roman Catholic, Mr. Mahoney is a parishioner of St. Ignatius Loyola Church in New York City.

The Judge is a widower and has two surviving children, Mrs. John Russell Hiibel and Lieut. Comdr. Jay-Ehret Mahoney, holder of the Silver Star Medal, the Order of Patriotic Wars, and eight other citations.

His has been a career of service to his fellow man, of hard work and a good, clean, and wholesome life. The youngsters who are to receive their diplomas this June might do well to learn something about the life of Judge Jeremiah T. Mahoney. They couldn't pick a better example to follow.

Books

HOTEL TALLEYRAND

By Paul Hyde Bonner. *300 pages.*
Scribner's. *$3.50*

Paul H. Bonner

SPQR was writer-diplomat Paul Hyde Bonner's first novel, a well-received, crisply written story of the life of an American official attached to the Embassy at Rome, as affected by his relations with a group of sophisticated internationals. His second novel, *Hotel Talleyrand,* is another skillfully written narrative of another American diplomat.

His prototype this time is S. Livingston Locke, former New York banker, now Chief of the Fiscal and Payments Branch of the Office of the E.C.A. in Paris. His wife, Eleanor, finds little warmth in her marriage, knowing that her husband is a coldly calculating man intent upon only the pursuit of an ambassadorship. The plot centers around the friendly interest she takes in Walter Haines, an economist attached to her husband's staff. This promising young man falls in love with an alluring Communist agent and unwittingly becomes a victim of Communist espionage. When Livingston decides selfishly to sacrifice his assistant instead of going to his aid, he not only loses his ambassadorship, but he loses his wife as well.

As a former Chief of E.C.A. the author was well acquainted with his setting, and his behind-the-scenes incidents from modern-day diplomacy are interesting and impressive. Overlooking one unnecessarily detailed assignation and odd interpretation of Catholic Action in France, *Hotel Talleyrand* compares favorably with *SPQR.*

GEORGE A. CEVASCO.

A WINDOW ON RED SQUARE

By Frank Rounds, Jr. *304 pages.*
Houghton Mifflin. *$3.00*

Mr. Rounds was attached to the U. S. Embassy in Moscow through 1951 and half of 1952. His book gives an exciting series of insights into the "new civilization" of Soviet Russia, with its grandiose buildings, its gorgeous ballet, its frenzied chess tournaments, and its tragic foundations. While the record does not encourage wishful thinking concerning Communist plans, it does set the reader asking questions as to the means which Stalin's successors are likeliest to use, and the means by which the West's counterattack can be made to tell.

The author notes an official emphasis on visible progress which does not seem consistent with a policy of immediate warfare, and which, at the same time, offers a partial answer to the much-publicized American standard of living. Conditions in the U.S.S.R., superficially, are improving—that fact must be faced. Prices are coming down. There is continually more and more to buy (including TV sets). Good music and good books are eagerly absorbed in vast quantities. The people retain a hunger for self-improvement, a healthy skepticism toward authority, and a fine, unsophisticated common sense, at which Mr. Rounds marvels.

Slavery, terrorism, spying, lying, all these evils he insists upon again and again. His own disgust with the system is clear. Still, he considers, it is delivering the goods well enough to stave off revolt.

Here is firsthand evidence that the anti-Communist battle cannot be won on a materialistic level. The true horror which Mr. Rounds tries to convey is a spiritual horror, and it is rightly on the spiritual values that he wants the West to ground its appeal.

GEOFFREY ASHE.

THE HIGH AND THE MIGHTY

By Ernest K. Gann. *342 pages.*
Sloane Associates. *$3.50*

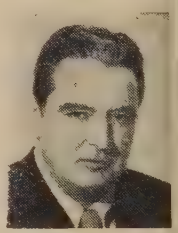
Ernest K. Gann

If it had not already been pre-empted, *Point of No Return* would be the perfect title for this exciting saga of an airplane crippled far out from its starting point in Hawaii and fighting its way to San Francisco against almost superhuman odds. For anyone with a touch of air fever even the technical details of aviation bring a thrill, and these the author treats with meticulous realism. Realistically, too, he etches in the twenty human beings who share the plane's ordeal across the Pacific: the young pilot gradually numbed by his nerves, leaning more heavily than he realizes upon the supposedly outworn co-pilot—the man who hates and the man hopelessly ill—the woman who knows too much about the world and the one who knows too little—the failures and the "arrived"—the happy and the unhappy, who will learn at least something from facing mortal danger. They are not a very spiritual group and their language is often crude, but they claim compassion. And there is one brief sketch of the humblest of the passengers, "the small and willing hero" Jose, with his smile and his rosary and his unshakable faith in God, which the reader will not soon forget.

KATHERINE BREGY.

THE REASON FOR ANN

By Myles Connolly. *231 pages.*
McMullen. *$3.00*



M. Connolly

In *The Reason for Ann,* Mr. Connolly's own selection of his most representative novelettes, we are given a successful demonstration of what can be done in this genre. The medium, as Mr. Connolly sees it, is elastic and at the same time firmly structured. In these six stories he manages to say a great deal about the human situation today. Most of the stories in this collection are real and moving, because, in spite of their casual quality, they are firmly held together. The characters move freely through the reader's imagination because the author has explored them fully and set them on their way.

The difference between the novelette and the short story is not primarily one of length but of structure—character can be developed in leisurely fashion in the novelette; action is not cramped, and the situation can be spread out or developed through cause and effect. All of these stories gain by having been told in the novelette form.

The title story is a diverting variation on the theme of heroic greatness to be found in Celtic legends. Two recording angels peer through the mists at the romantic posturing of the great O'Sullivan, who has almost no good marks in their ledger and is not likely to gain any as the story goes on, yet one of the angels can't help liking him—he makes sin sound so nice, and, after all, the cops are after him.

A number of these stories are sentimental in theme and treatment—wha

he reader thinks of this will be a mat-r of taste—but it is clear that senti-entality is what the average magazine eader wants. The style lacks polish too. n spite of this, Connolly brings his haracters close to the reader and many mall scenes are put together in such a ay as to hold the attention fixed on hat the scene is meant to imply.

N. ELIZABETH MONROE.

TAGE OF FOOLS

By Charles A. Brady. *381 pages.*
Dutton. *$3.95*

Charles Brady

ub-titled "A Novel f Sir Thomas More," his book is neither sh nor fowl. In re-elling the life of a mous person in ovel form, the author competing with the iographer. The ovelized version must ecessarily compel the attention of the eneral reader who is unfamiliar with ne subject, or revitalize an already miliar story. Mr. Brady's erudition more evident than his technique as novelist. Admittedly, the assignment as a difficult one. Selection and cut-ng was necessary, but the author crams is pages with a mass of minor details nd characters that obscures the main ne of the story.

Too much of the action is related by he device of recollection on the part f the characters. Even in the final great cene at the scaffold, the narrative is blique and More's famous last words re casually mentioned by one of the nlookers in a succeeding chapter. Mr. rady is at his best in painting the road canvas of the background of vents and his ability as a poet helps im to create some of the vivid pag-antry of the era. The historian, how-ver, consistently overshadows the ovelist.

The great message of Saint Thomas More's life is so appropriate to our ge that too much cannot be written bout him. Considering the profound nowledge of the subject which Mr. rady manifestly possesses, it seems o me that his book would have had nuch more appeal if written as a traight biography.

DOYLE HENNESSY.

THE WARRIOR SAINT

By R. V. C. Bodley. *302 pages.*
Little, Brown. *$4.00*

This is the story of Charles de Foucald, ne of the most extraordinary men who ever lived. The bare outline of his ife is fantastic. Born in Alsace in 1858, ne was a problem child, rebellious chool boy, freethinker at fifteen, gen-ral hell raiser and libertine as a young

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man. Dismissed from the French army for insubordination, he became a pioneer explorer, Trappist monk, priest, ascetic desert hermit, was assassinated in the Sahara in 1916, and has been proposed for beatification.

In a dramatic return to the faith at the age of twenty-eight, this man of extremes became a Trappist monk, but before he took his final vows he was back in the desert with a dream of founding a new order. After an incredible life of hardship during which time he became a priest without parishioners, he could not find a single postulant to share the rigors of his proposed order and made only one convert.

"More admirable than imitable," what he accomplished in the Sahara is often questioned. Undeniably concerned with enhancing French prestige, he also lived a fanatical but saintlike existence. The author of this book, an Englishman who lived seven years as an Arab nomad, is well qualified to describe the adventurous aspects of Foucald's life. A non-Catholic, he acknowledges his debt to Ann Fremantle for advice on Catholic matters and for information supplied in her own book on the subject, *Desert Calling*.

It is doubtful if the last word has yet been said on the life of the remarkable Foucald, but this readable book is well worth attention.

DOYLE HENNESSY.

PARISH PRIEST

By LeRoy E. McWilliams. 250 pages. McGraw-Hill. $3.75

Fr. McWilliams

This is Father McWilliams' story of his life and his work at St. Michael's Church in Jersey City, where he has been stationed since 1918. It traces his rise from the days when he was the youngest curate on the staff to his present pastorship. The parish is seven blocks in one direction and eight in another, and in it are 1,000 Catholic families. It is in a tenement district hard by the entrance to the Holland Tunnel, which has seen its best economic days; and its population is Irish, Polish, and Italian. It is a parish to prove the mettle of a man.

And it was in the spirit of challenge that Father McWilliams first undertook his duties, and that spirit, it is obvious from his book, has never deserted him. Father McWilliams writes modestly, perhaps too much so, in view of what he has accomplished. He tells simply, for instance, of the physical rebuilding of the church and school; but he tells by indirection only of his own energizing

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role in keeping his parish spiritually alive and healthy.

Father McWilliams does know, however, what makes him tick. It is his faith and his love of people. About both he writes eloquently and with rich warmth. He is at his best when relating stories of his parish work, with its heartaches, its joys, and its humorous moments. It takes a man of understanding and maturity to be able to share, as does Father McWilliams, the intimate lives of his people. It is these qualities that make his autobiography rewarding reading for the Catholic, and also for the non-Catholic. Priests are human, and to learn how their humanity is fortified, *Parish Priest* is the book for you.

ALDEN WHITMAN.

THE RIFLEMAN

By John Brick. *349 pages.*
Doubleday. *$3.75*

John Brick

Some of the bravest and most valuable soldiers of the Revolutionary War were the Riflemen of Daniel Morgan's Company. One of these is Tim Murphy, Pennsylvania woodsrunner and Indian fighter who joined up after he was jilted by the tantalizing Marian Greene. Tim becomes famous for bravery in battle and expert marksmanship with his specially built double-barreled Golcher rifle. He and his good friend Dave Elerson have some exciting close shaves with the Indians and win a few scalps for themselves in the bargain.

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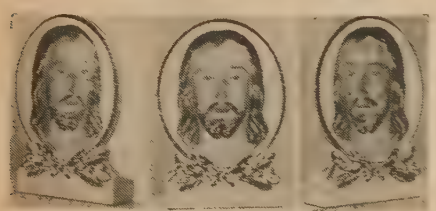

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It takes most of the War for Tim to get Marian out of his system, but he is helped by Dave's understanding. Marian's death at the hands of Indians, and his meeting with the lovely Peggy Feeck of Schoharie in New York State. Peggy is not a simple solution, however, for her father puts up opposition of the stubbornest kind. Aided by the garrison's commander and some of the townspeople, Tim and Peggy are able to get married without the elder Feeck's knowledge. When he finally consents to recognize his son-in-law, Tim and Peggy go to live with the Feecks only to find that there is a chronically irritating difference between the two men.

An important achievement of this book is the gradual maturing of Tim Murphy from a silent, easily angered young trapper to the warmer, self-controlled husband. Sexy scenes and profanity mar the first part of the book whose real worth is mainly in the historical background.

PAULA BOWES.

THE LIFE OF ARCHBISHOP JOHN IRELAND

By James H. Moynihan. 441 pages. Harper. $5.00

J. Moynihan

"The Church is a foreign institution. Yes, if the Saviour of the world is a foreigner, and the Bishop of Rome as His vicar is a foreigner. The Catholic Church is extra-American, supranational, begotten for all nations—a foreigner on no spot of the earth's surface. Catholics demand no special power—merely equal rights for all. The rights of Catholics are the rights of the personal conscience of the Catholic citizen." This might have been written in defense of the Church against the attacks of a Blanshard or a Conant. But it is Archbishop Ireland speaking his mind in 1913 during one of those waves of opposition that the Catholic has come to expect.

One is amazed at the white-hot zeal of this "Apostle of the West." And the amazement grows with each chapter of his career. Striding from simple priest to Archbishop of St. Paul, he became an eminent churchman, statesman, friend of the presidents, a champion of a dozen great causes; and he lived out his creed: "Not to know one's rights is low-mindedness, not to defend them is cowardice." The Pope sought his help in trying to prevent the Spanish-American war, senators asked his advice, capital and labor put their cause before him. Truly he was a giant in the field.

Monsignor Moynihan, formerly president of the College of St. Thomas in St. Paul, has written not only a lively

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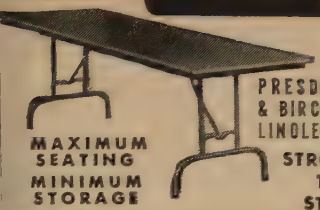

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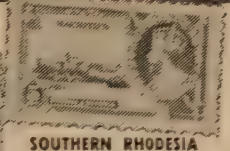

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biography but a well-documented history about a turbulent period of the Church's growth in the United States.

JOHN L. MADDEN.

WHAT AMERICA MEANS TO ME

By Francis Cardinal Spellman. Scribner's. 111 pages. $2.50

Cardinal Spellman

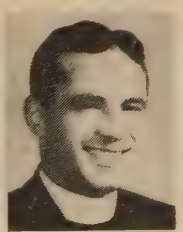
The versatile and indefatigable Cardinal of New York gives us here a new collection of prayers and poems—fortunately including some previously published—for life in the modern world. And for those who must live this life it would seem that man has never needed guidance more imperatively, in both spiritual and temporal problems. Cardinal Spellman writes with extraordinary insight into our problems, our limitations, our potentialities. And often there is added to this paternal, compassionate insight the fresh vision of eternal youth—as when he says of resurrection, "man need not wait for death bravely to rise;" or of charity, "Come, let us give to God this day His bread;" or in the midst of a "Creed for Capital and Labor," he breaks suddenly into a meditation upon the six symbolic days when "God labored" to prepare the earth for uncreated man.

These meditations are usually in prose; the prayers—for soldiers and children, for workers in and out of the religious life, for America, the world and peace—usually in verse. And characteristically, His Eminence uses, with an almost faultless sense of rhythm, the free verse which has been a mark of the newer American poetry. Here is a poignant Christmas prayer for the "expended and expendable" boys in Korea—and a New Year's message from them to us, colloquial as a daily newspaper, and at once heartbreaking and heartlifting.

KATHERINE BREGY.

CALVARY IN CHINA

By Robert W. Greene, M.M. Putnam. 244 pages. $3.50



Robert W. Greene

When the Communists "liberated" the village of Tung-an in southwest China, a Communist soldier painted a large sign on the wall of Father Greene's mission compound. It read: Tsung Chiao Tzu Yu—Freedom of Religion. That was in Decem-

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The large outer sleeves worn by the nuns are detachable and joined together by a piece of material fastened to the back of the dress waist. When Sister Mary's habit came back from the cleaners, she opened the enclosed statement.

"One dress," she read, "three dollars and fifty cents."

And, just below it, in a rather uncertain hand:
"One pair slacks—one dollar."

—*Sister Mary Gilbert*

ber, 1949. On Easter Sunday of 1952, the sign still proclaimed the right of man to worship as he thought right, but Father Greene stood before a bloodthirsty mob of thousands and heard a satanic judge condemn him to death by decapitation. He was spared this fate only by the "mercy" of Mao.

Long confinement, degradations, and steadily mounting pressures had broken his body and all but broken his mind. But throughout the trial he refused to yield on two points: that he was a validly ordained priest and not a spy, and that the Legion of Mary was not an international espionage network. And he was virtually obsessed with the determination to rescue the Blessed Sacrament, which was hidden in his room.

At first glance this book may seem to be just another of the numerous accounts of Communist terrorism. But *Calvary In China* does not merely recount Communist methods of bending the will and twisting the mind. It casts sharp light on the Communist hypocrisy of outwardly espousing the principle of freedom of religion while covertly working for its destruction.

If *Calvary In China* had no value from the viewpoint of current events (and it has), it would remain valuable for its ruthless honesty. To give an instance: that Father Greene would tell that in a moment of mental paralysis he had begun the physical act of suicide is almost as startling as the fact itself.

PAT GAVAN RILEY.

GOOD MORNING, YOUNG LADY

Ardyth Kennelly. *469 pages.*
Houghton Mifflin. *$3.95*

Good Morning, Young Lady gets the palm leaf fan for the sweetest, simplest, and most girlish novel of 1953.

Its heroine, Dorney Leaf, is Cinderella come to Salt Lake City. A beautiful, smart, orphan lass, she is forced to move in with a mean and silly elder sister, Madge. She has hardly settled in her attic room when Madge sends her out to work by day in a rich lady's kitchen. (Two dollars a week was standard wage for the hired girl, apparently, in Mormon country, back in the 90's.) Fired from there, Dorney does a turn in a sweat shop laundry. But do rotten luck and nasty relatives mar the beauty of her face and character? No, indeed. Everyone but her immediate family seems to dote on Dorney, and before you know it she has been courted by a bandit on the run and ends up with her dream prince come true.

Miss Kennelly's prose is late Victorian American provincial. It gushes, flutters, and simpers; embroidered with literary allusions which are about as suitable as lace ruffles on a rag rug.

Sometimes, particularly when Dorney and her eerie kinsfolk are off-stage, minor characters bring the book to life. Clara Tofflemire and her shy suitor, and Alma Morelewski conning "The Etiquette of Today" have both comedy and pathos. They deserve to grace a better novel, and show how well Miss Kennelly can write when she has a mind to.

If it were just a little more absurd, *Good Morning, Young Lady* could be a parody in the style of *Aurora Dawn*. As it stands, it is sort of an answer to a not too bright maiden's prayer for light summer reading.

CLORINDA CLARKE.

MARY MAGDALENE

By Raymond-Leopold Bruckberger
Pantheon. 192 pages. *$3.00*

No doubt we Catholics of North America could enrich our lives by a warmer devotion to Saint Mary Magdalen, but whether many of us can follow Father Bruckberger's volume to its logical conclusion is an open question. That the Dominican author—former Chaplain General of the French Resistance, at present residing in Minnesota—is a powerful and poetic writer no one familiar with his delightful "parables" or his autobiographical *One Sky to Share* can doubt. Nor can anyone doubt that his present work is one of great love and learning. The teasing problem concerns the use and abuse of imagination. For his pet hypothesis seems to be that Mary of Bethany was a Hellenized Jewess who summed up the pagan Greek quest for wisdom and beauty as John the Baptist typified the quest of the Hebrew prophets for the coming Messias. It is an interesting viewpoint—until it insists upon linking the Magdalen with Phryne the courtesan, Antigone, the Diotima of Plato, and the Well Beloved of the Canticles! This same imaginative opulence is applied to the sparse but thrilling Gospel narrative, and we find ourselves assured that Mary, although a "great lady" by birth, was early debauched at Herod's court, where she was the intimate companion of Salome—that she was healed of disease as well as seven devils by Christ—that she, rather than any mysterious dream, persuaded Pilate's wife to intercede for Jesus—*etc., etc.* Indeed the whole story is so full of fantasy that its conclusion—a retelling of the charming tradition of Mary's death in Provence after her transportation to Gaul in a sailless ship, along with Lazarus and Martha—is not in the least startling.

The book is exquisitely printed and illustrated. What the present reviewer has been unable to decide is whether it is to be taken as Scriptural exegesis or fictionized biography.

KATHERINE BREGY.

BARBE ACARIE—WIFE AND MYSTIC

By Lancelot C. Sheppard. *210 pages.*
McKay. *$3.50*

L. C. Sheppard

Found, at long last, and under the proper *imprimatur*, a writer who, dealing with a married mystic, dares to say: "Marriage is not the 'second best thing' to a religious vocation; it is a different vocation . . . but marriage if it is a man's or a woman's vocation is the best and highest state for them and in it Christian life may be lived to the full." Marriage was Barbe Acarie's vocation in which she found personal sanctity and by means of which she restored the life of the Church in France during the sixteenth century. Her life demonstrates two profound truths: namely, that the

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contemplative is no sentimental dreamer but a human dynamo who produces, and that marriage is no hindrance to the highest activity of Christian life.

Blessed Mary of the Incarnation, widow, made her contribution, the French Carmelite foundation, as Barbe Acarie, wife of Pierre Acarie and mother of six children. She was Pierre's wife for twenty-seven years, a Carmelite lay sister for only four years after his death, in 1613. By that time she had achieved her life mission, had converted thousands, reformed religious houses, and established the Carmelites in France.

While the approach here is somewhat different in respect of the emphasis on her marriage, the pattern of sanctity is the old familiar one of heroic virtue practiced against tremendous odds, of humility rooted in acknowledgement of personal nothingness, of physical weakness supported by potent spiritual reserves. One curious result must be noted. As the subject of the book, Madame Acarie commands an intellectual admiration and respect but fails to win a warm sympathy. That is reserved for her husband, Pierre, who if he did not die in the odor of sanctity himself, lived close to it as the husband of a living saint, a circumstance which requires a heroism of its own.

FORTUNATA CALIRI.

SHORT NOTICES

OUT OF RED CHINA. By Liu Shaw-Tong. 269 pages. Little, Brown. $4.00. The things to come in *Oceania* in 1984, of which George Orwell announced the shape, are ahead of schedule in the China of Mao Tse-Tung in 1950, shown to us in this book. A reader of both books cannot fail to be struck by the literal parallel between so much of what we could still regard as satirical fantasy in Orwell and the appalling realities described by Liu Shaw-Tong. This is an account of the working out of the Marxist-Leninist Revolution in China on the level of the daily life of ordinary mortals. We see party members besotted and dehumanized by the semantic mumbo-jumbo of the party line; the people, scornfully designated as "the masses," flattened out by the ruthless steamroller of the Revolution. The author was a student at Peking University when the Revolution caught up with him, an engaging young man, witty, clever, anxious to get on, intelligent. He stood it—more than that, he tried to take part in it, for a little over a year and then managed to get out to tell us about it.

TO THE BULLFIGHT. By John Marks. 147 pages. Knopf. $3.00. To

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summer tourists planning a jaunt to Mexico, Spain, or South America states where *corridas de toros* are the national pastime, John Marks' *To the Bullfight* should prove as necessary suitcase equipment as passports and travelers' checks. For here, with its historical and technical data, is the spectator's guide to bullfighting.

This work makes no attempt to convert the hostile; rather, Mr. Marks using thirty-two illustrations primes the curious with useful information that should prove indispensable to the budding bullfighting fan. *To the Bullfight* is entertaining; it is well written and ably edited; it should make an excellent "going away" gift for shipboard reading.

TERESA OF AVILA. By Marcelle Auclair. 457 pages. Pantheon. $4.95. Approaching her fourth centenary, Teresa of Avila remains one of the most extraordinary figures the world has ever known. In Marcelle Auclair's recent *La Vie De Sainte Therese D'Avila,* she has succeeded in sketching the great Carmelite not only as mystic, theologian and author, but also as a practical woman curiously modern in her way of carrying out an ideal when once she had determined to "build, work, or create."

This definitive biography of the sixteenth-century saint, ably Englished by Kathleen Pond, is a welcome contribution to Teresan literature. Well documented, it fascinates the reader to hear Teresa of Avila as she laughs and plays, cajoles and pleads, prays and weeps, and most remarkable, to listen to her intimate chatting with Christ Himself.

THE CHURCH IN THE CHRISTIAN ROMAN EMPIRE. By Palanque, Bardy, de Labriolle, de Plinval, and Brehier. 731 pages. Macmillan. $9.00. This volume is a sequel to the *History of the Primitive Church,* by Lebreton and Zeiller, published by Macmillan in 1949. The earlier publication covered the history of the Church from the coming of our Lord to the Peace of Constantine, early in the fourth century. This volume extends it to the end of the fourth century and follows the fortunes of the Church through the early episodes of caesaro-papism and the extended conflict with the Arian heresy. Like the *History of the Primitive Church, The Church in the Christian Roman Empire* is a library item for anyone interested in having among his books an authoritative History of the Church.

THE PROTESTANT CRUSADE 1800-1860. By Ray Allen Billington. 514 pages. Rinehart. $6.50. The reappearance of Professor Billington's study of the growth of bigotry and the anti-Catholic movement in America will be welcomed in many quarters. First pub-

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lished by Macmillan in 1938, and now made available again by Rinehart, it commemorates a foolish adventure in which Americans were set against each other by misrepresentation and demagoguery. The principal victims of this particular episode of neighborly hate were the Catholics of the early 1800's. But like all social enterprise in which hate and fear are wasted on wrong causes, the whole fabric of American society suffered. It is still suffering from scars left a century ago. Professional agitators today can sow suspicion and animosity among people who should be natural friends and allies, because the same job was so thoroughly done a hundred years back and the old false alarm still rings in the consciousness of the credulous public. Professor Billington's service to the public consists in dragging the sorry affair out into the open.

THE INTERIOR CARMEL. By John C. H. Wu. 257 pages. Sheed & Ward. $3.25. You may never be formally canonized, nevertheless it is your life-work to aim at sainthood. Even if you are a saleswoman, or a truckman, or a lumberjack, or a secretary—whatever you are, you are expected to become a saint. That seems a tall order. But somehow it does not seem so tall after you have read *The Interior Carmel.* As proof that sanctity is not unattainable in a busy, wayward world, Dr. Wu might have pointed to his own life; but he would never do that. In fathering thirteen children, ministering as Plenipotentiary of China to the Holy See, teaching law in four prominent universities, advising the Chinese delegation to the United Nations, Dr. Wu has found time for the greatest task yet: that of becoming a saint.

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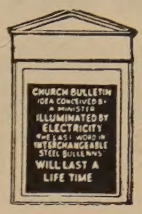

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LETTERS

(Continued from page 2)

"Easter in Little Poland"

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

Re your April, 1953, picture article "Easter in 'Little Poland' Buffalo": you say "On Good Friday a solemn procession makes its way around the church, as the priest carries the Blessed Sacrament." On Good Friday, American Poles, like other Catholics, adhere to the Roman liturgy. Hence, in the Good Friday Mass of the Presanctified, the chalice and Sacred Host are carried in procession to the altar. However, the monstrance is not used. For that matter, the monstrance is not used during any of the Holy Week services, whether it be Maundy Thursday or Holy Saturday. Therefore, the procession THE SIGN photographed is the procession of Easter morning.

Except for this, I liked your article. THE SIGN has my congratulations for encouraging Polish Americans to adhere to their imitation-worthy Christian traditions and customs.

Incidentally, our Holy Trinity parish, Chicago, is one of the largest Polish parishes in the world. It numbers over 10,000 faithful.

BROTHER ROMAN, C.S.C.
St. Mary's College
ORCHARD LAKE, MICH.

"Doubting Thomas"

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

In reading Father Kevin's "Doubting Thomas" in the April issue, I notice that he speaks of Our Lord's passing through the locked door as showing the quality of impassibility.

I always understood that impassibility meant the quality that endows the glorified body with freedom from pain.

I thought that the ability to pass through doors, etc., was called subtility.

MARY E. SULLIVAN
BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Editor's Note: The quality of the glorified body referred to in Father Kevin's article is subtlety or subtility.

"Crime Without Punishment"

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

Attentive readers of THE SIGN may have noticed that in my review of *Crime Without Punishment*, by Guenther Reinhardt, in the March issue, I complained that the author did not substantiate his assertion that President Roosevelt had ordered the destruction of all records in military and naval intelligence and security files pertaining to Communist affiliations and activities of individuals in the armed services. I did not feel, I remarked, that this was a sufficiently well-known fact to stand by itself.

Mr. Reinhardt has been kind enough to point out to me that this fact was, or ought to have been, sufficiently well-known not to require documentation, having been rather thoroughly aired in the press, notably in the *New York World-Telegram*, in 1944. Mr. Reinhardt observes further that it was likewise brought out in testimony of the Adjutant General and of the Director of

Intelligence of the Army before the House Military Affairs Committee in May, 1944, appearing in the published report of the hearings of the Committee.

I desire to invoke the hospitality of your columns to remove Mr. Reinhardt's interesting and valuable book from this stricture in the minds of readers who, like myself, had not known or had not remembered these events.

FENTON MORAN

WASHINGTON, D. C.

A New Reader

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

I work in the Public Schools in Chicago, and they have a paper drive, one a semester, in which the pupils collect papers, magazines etc. I happened to glance at one, and not having seen the name before, I continued to look and noticed "National Catholic Magazine." Well, that did it, Father. I picked it up, glanced through it, and they had one less magazine in that one hundred pounds. I haven't read everything in THE SIGN yet, but I sure intend to. It surely covers everything we are interested in, and that's what we like today.

I am a convert for many years, and you know converts appreciate everything Catholic more than born Catholics, don't they?

ARLENE REES

CHICAGO, ILL.

Western Morale

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

It is surprising that a Catholic magazine such as THE SIGN with a wide European coverage should write off Western Europe, with a population predominantly Catholic, as a bad asset; viz your editorial in the February issue: "Western morale is petering out and barring a miracle has no promise."

When Fr. Peyton visited Spain recently he expressed no fear for the future of that country, "where a Christian family life and a love of the family has a firmer hold on the hearts of the people than in any country I have seen." If the fundamentals are true, then surely there is no room for despair or talk of "our society being like a fighter in the ring, fat and untrained." (Editorial; Feb.)

Catholics in Europe expect to come under fire from Communists and neo-atheists alike, but not from their own friends who show a startling ignorance of their strength and a too-bland assumption of their weakness. Statements such as "Western morale is petering out and barring a miracle has no promise" is to an Englishman reminiscent of 1940 once again and to Catholics in Europe an indication of a failure in the Roman spirit.

To find the Russians in Vienna and the West attacked by a virulent materialist heresy from the inside is no news to Catholic Europe; the same Europe that beat back the Mohammedans from the gates of Vienna and which time and time again has repelled the barbarian invaders. Catholics in Europe will reply to the glib assertion that their morale is "petering out" with the challenge of John Paul Jones: "We have not yet begun to fight." And the result will not be different.

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The editors of THE SIGN praise the doubtful visions of Nehru's pagan India. They would do better to understand the one modern society that has come nearest to achieving the Christian ideal of the *Civitas Dei* of St. Augustine in the world.

CEDRIC E. BIRKINSHAW
LONDON, ENGLAND

Editor's Note: The reference was not to the morale of the Catholics of Western Europe, but to the morale of the secularist West with its blunted spiritual sensitivity and its apathetic interest in its own political continuity and military defense.

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EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

Three of the Friendship Houses in the U.S.A. are again having summer schools this year. At these schools we try to give the students a better understanding of the Mystical Body of Christ and its relationship to modern problems of justice and charity. Our lecturers are well-informed priests and laymen.

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Graham Greene's Novels

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

Of all Catholic magazines, yours is by far the finest, most liberal, and most informative. I particularly enjoy the book and movie reviews and consider them second only to those in *Time* magazine for insight and terse accuracy. Unlike most publications of religious groups, the objective appraisal of even the most undesirable books and movies is not completely cancelled out by the Catholic viewpoint.

In the book review columns of your February edition, Graham Greene's most recent novel was reviewed.

Miss Monroe's review of the novel, *The Shipwrecked*, did well in the summation of the theme, yet in parts it was clouded by phrases of what you might consider "Faulkneresque" qualities. She also stated that "the theme was . . . marred by . . . prurience (however well charted)."

Having not yet read *The Shipwrecked*, I am not qualified to judge, but having read two of his finest novels, *The Heart of the Matter* and the *End of the Affair*, I am inclined to disagree completely with any one considering such as a mar. Perhaps the Catholic writer who a short time ago stated (in speaking of the Legion of Decency) that "Catholics, in their eagerness to uproot the lewd and immoral also uproot the art," possessed more than a grain of truth in his indictment. Surely any prurience in Greene's books is portrayed as prurience, and sin as sin and nothing else; without inclusion of such portrayals Mr. Greene would become but another writer of hackneyed parables.

PFC. DAVID E. SIMCOX
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.

"Baby Makes Seven"

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

Congratulations to Ed Mack Miller for the article "And Baby Makes Seven." It was terrific. Every word was so true, believe me I should know. We have been married seven and a half years and have three boys and three girls and expect number seven in a few months.

How often I've wished I could tell people exactly what the article did. How these planned parenthood people annoy me. Sure it's work taking care of our "tribe," but it's surprising how much of the lighter chores are done willingly by the four, five, and six year olds.

As for losing your figure—that's nonsense. Mine improved between times.

MRS. WALTER WELLS
PATERSON, N. J.

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

Thank you and Ed Mack Miller for the wonderful article, "And Baby Makes Seven." I loved every sentence. An only child myself, I have always envied large families. The loveliest gal in our "crowd" has five youngsters, and they are such a happy family.

MRS. L. P. HANSEN
ROCKFORD, ILL.

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

Many congratulations on publishing the grand and inspirational article, "And Baby Makes Seven," in the March issue of THE SIGN. It was truly a fine, living sermon on the joys and happiness of family life under God's law. Here was a father giving forth facts that can not be pushed aside and are truly inspired.

May you continue to publish many more such wonderful commentaries on family life.

TOM ARBOGAST
WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS, W. VA.

Likes Family Articles

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

I wish to take this opportunity to tell you how very much I enjoy your magazine. I especially enjoy the articles about marriage and children which have appeared recently. Young married people need such encouragement.

MARION RAUFT
HASBROUCK HEIGHTS, N. J.